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NOTES OF THE WEEK

It is quite true that the Bolsheviks have "robbed Russia of peace and victory." But whose fault is it that the Bolsheviks are there? It was Mr. Lloyd George's Government (of which we think Mr. Churchill was a member) that allowed our ally the Tsar to be deposed and sent that infamous message of congratulation to Kerensky. The real charge against Mr. Churchill's Russian policy is that it has been half-hearted, and therefore ineffectual. If we had sent a division, instead of a couple of brigades, Bolshevism would have been swept into the grave. As it is, we have spent 94 millions, and Bolshevism still thrives. It is also true that Russia must fall under the protectorate either of the Allies or of Germany. But when Mr. Churchill says there will arise "a great civilised responsible power in Russia which could take its place in the League of Nations and bear its part in the great work of mankind," he is canting. Ninety per cent. of the Russians can neither read nor write, and it will take a century of firm government, whether centralised or federal, to bring Russia to the plane of the Western Powers.

We have no wish to aid in displacing the present Government, if for no other reason, because there is none possible to take its place. Not that we share the almost abject terror with which many regard the prospect of a Labour Government. We refuse to believe that, if there were a dissolution to-morrow, a Labour majority would be returned. When protected by the secrecy of a real ballot, the vast majority of the working classes don't vote for Labour candidates, whom they don't trust—they know them too well. This is proved by the last Election; for where does this enormous majority come from except from the manual workers, who are 90 per cent. of the electorate? Since the General Election the Labour leaders have lost, rather than gained, in reputation. The railway strike was a severe blow to their prestige. A Labour Government may come some day; though we are not sure. It should be remembered that in Australia there is nothing but the labouring class to reckon with. Here there are several other classes strongly entrenched.

Though we think the House of Commons does well to support this Government, we agree with Mr. Asquith that the quips and cranks of the Prime Minister, and the dancing and piping of his Chancellor of the

Exchequer, were misplaced. Mr. Lloyd George's comparison of the member with a prepared speech, gradually shot away in the course of debate, to "a crippled tank" was very witty, and reminds us of some of the epigrams of 1909 vintage. But you can't meet criticisms with witticisms, or stop a deficit with a joke. The plain truth is that neither the Government nor the House of Commons has the courage to apply the knife where it is wanted, to stopping all subsidies and unemployment doles, to dropping the Education Bill, and the ambitious housing scheme, and to reducing some of the over-liberal pensions or gratuities to officers and privates. Generosity is well, but justice to the whole community is better.

The Prime Minister and the House of Commons seem to think that all the criticisms on the reckless expenditure that have been running through the monthly, weekly and daily press are answered by showing that there are objectors to every concrete proposal of economy. Of course, there are, and always will be: the recipients of outdoor relief in the form of doles object strongly to their cessation. But it is the business of a Government to govern; not to stand helpless before the multitude of objectors. The Government must select the economies to be made, and then ask the approval of Parliament. Mephistopheles advises Faust to "stick to words: for with words you can do anything; with words you can build creeds, etc." Had Faust been a Prime Minister, he could have received no wiser advice. One rollicking, skilful, debating speech has washed away all the Prime Minister's sins of omission and commission, his absence from the House, his absurd exaggerations, and his broken promises. Such is representative government in the twentieth century!

Some months ago we made the suggestion that America, our largest creditor, should agree to allow us to "set off" the sums owed to us by Europe against the sums owed by us to the United States. Roughly speaking, Britain owes America 800 millions; and Britain is owed by Allies 1,700 millions, not counting, we believe, our share of the German indemnity. Taking Britain's European debtors' currency at 50 per cent. discount, or any figure that may be agreed, why should not America take over these debts in satisfaction of England's debt? It seems to us a matter of business, a matter for international bankers to settle. It would have the great advantage of righting the American Exchange, and enabling us to trade on equal terms

with the Americans. For the Americans to become European debt-collectors would give them great opportunities for trade with Central Europe and Russia.

All the world is watching with instinctive interest the great Labour fight in the United States. On the issue hangs the future of many nations besides the American. The Government of President Wilson has not hesitated to employ all legal and military force at its disposal to put down the strike. It has issued injunctions from the Federal Court forbidding the Trade Union officials to pay strike pay, and declaring the calling-out or down-tool notices to be illegal. Trade Unionism is weaker in America than here, partly owing to the great distances between the towns and partly to the polyglot mixture of races. When you are handling Poles, Letts, Irishmen, Italians, Germans, it is not easy to exact the unquestioning obedience of a perfect organisation. Outside the mass of unorganised and casual labour, which is very large in the United States, there are three bodies: the old Federation of Labour, of which Mr. Gompers is the President; a new anarchical body, called the Independent Workers of the World; and the Universal Negroes Improvement Society, who under this innocent title are, we are told, "sharpening their swords for the war of races."

The Negroes Improvement Society has forced the other two, the I.W.W. and the Gompers Federation, to take up the Negro, and advocate the abolition of the colour bar. The sole aim of the Independent Workers of the World is the overthrow of all Governments, and they have perceived the value of the Negroes as an army to capture civilisation. The thought makes one shudder. But if the Negro is going to be admitted to equality by the respectable agency of Gompers and his Federated Trade Unions, it will change the history of the world, beginning with our Canadian and Australian Dominions. For if the Americans admit their Negroes to their Trade Unions, how can the Canadians and Australians refuse to allow Indians and Japanese to enter their territories?

In this month's *Edinburgh Review* Major-General R. H. Mahon proves by dates and inside facts what we have always known and frequently stated in these columns, namely, that Mr. Lloyd George, on becoming Minister of Munitions in May, 1915, took credit for the work and preparations of the War Office. The shortage of munitions was, of course, perfectly well known to the Master-General of the Ordnance, who was rudely displaced by the Minister of Munitions, and to his department, which was replaced by a flood of tinkers and tailors, and candlestick makers, who didn't know the muzzle from the breech of a gun. Mr. Lloyd George became Minister of Munitions in May, 1915, and the orders placed by him did not produce results until May, 1916. But the Minister of Munitions and his satellites in the Press and Parliament took credit for all the goods delivered between those dates, which were obviously ordered by the War Office.

General Mahon admits that the War Office was powerless in the face of the labour difficulty, and he gives Mr. George credit for his energy and eloquence in persuading the Trade Unions to surrender their legal privileges. But he emphatically states his opinion that, if Mr. Lloyd George and the other Ministers had assisted Lord Kitchener and the War Office with the necessary powers of spending and of getting Trade Union rules suspended, instead of taking away from them the powers and duties they had, the supply of munitions would have been earlier and larger. There was no need to create a new Ministry. All that was necessary was to clothe the War Office and the Master-General of the Ordnance with new powers. General Mahon laughs at the nonsense written by the newspapers. One of the rifle factories described by Mrs. Humphry Ward in 'England's Effort' had been in existence years before the war: and what were described as "German fuses" and "German sights" had been made in this country for ten years before 1915.

As we are not dependent on the votes of the horny-handed ones, let us state a truth which no politician dares to whisper. The real cause, the *causa causans* as the logicians call it, of the shortage of shells, and therefore of the prolongation of the war, was the British Working Man. It was in vain that the War Office gave its orders and the contractors took them: there stood the British Working Man, with his Trade Union policy of reducing output, from which he refused to budge, until he was frightened by the happenings on the front. Even so to-day, with our industrial existence in the balance, he stands hugging his economic absurdities, and muttering his old threats against the capitalist, on whom he lives. Unfortunately, the small number of working men, who, by gifts of speech and some self-given education have secured salaries as officials, only keep those salaries by keeping their paymasters in the bondage of their purblind economic fallacies. The highest of these Trade Union officials are paid £800 a year, and they are always asking for Government appointments.

The short debate on the appointment of Mr. Duncan, a Scotch solicitor, as Coal Controller, is remarkable as an unconscious revolt of the Labour Party against State Socialism, and consequently against the Nationalisation of Mines. The objections of Messrs. Brace, Hartshorn, Edwards and Adamson, went to the autocracy of the Whitehall bureaucrat, who takes the responsibility of prompt decisions on big questions. But that official authority is the essence of the policy of Nationalisation, for which Messrs. Smillie and Hodges are clamouring. The State Socialism, so dear to the heart of Messrs. Tawney, Sidney Webb, and the Fabian philosophers, is, in our judgment, as dead as Queen Anne. Syndicalism, the seizure of private property by groups of bandits, is the policy which, expounded by Mr. Cole of Magdalen College, Oxford, is gaining ground.

Lord Milner has delayed starting for Egypt so long that it looks as if he might as well stay at home altogether. For what is wanted now in Egypt is not a Milnerian lecture, but the stick. The organisers of rebellion in Cairo and Alexandria are parcels of school-boys, who in this country would be soundly caned and expelled. They work upon the nerves of the timid and excitable Egyptian officials, who hate the British officials, because they interfere with their plans for robbing and oppressing the fellaheen. Of course, it is always possible to poke up a certain fictitious Mahomedan hatred of the Christian in the country villages. But the farmers and peasant proprietors have been making unheard of prices for their cotton and maize, and are buying land at boom prices. All that is now wanted is firm military rule. The only thing to do is to clothe Lord Allenby with the powers of a supreme Dictator.

Nothing indicates the coarse and unreflecting levity of the Prime Minister's mind like his recent exultation over the fall of the ancient monarchs of Europe, the Tsar hacked to pieces by assassins, Charles of Hapsburg a nameless fugitive in Switzerland, the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm waiting his trial in a Dutch village. They are gone, the ancient dynasts with their splendour and authority, and have bequeathed to their successors the warning voice of the Prophet, "Where will ye leave your glory?" The glory of man is a more perishable thing than the grass, more alluring to the eye, but exposed to fiercer enemies, and to the swifter ruin of the scythe. And their successors, are they any better, or more secure? Are Trotsky and Lenin, and Bela Kun, or the republican rabble in Berlin, wiser or kinder rulers than the old? They are certainly no safer: in the palaces which they have usurped they are ever listening for the Destroyer's trumpet at the gate. Mr. Lloyd George might have spared us his exultation over fallen greatness.

Colonel Josiah Wedgwood said some days ago that the Aliens Bill was dishonouring to the English name, and that in a few years, ten or fifteen years, the nation

would be ashamed of it. It was bravely spoken, and though "dishonouring" is perhaps a little too strong, there can be no doubt of the unwisdom of the Act. The Germans must either be our enemies or our friends in the future. In our outlook, we shall be very glad of the friendship of Germany to help us to withstand, before half a century has passed over us, an irruption of Tartar and Mongol barbarians. We shudder to think of a hostile Germany drilling and leading those barbarous hordes against us. Let us not, in the meanwhile, stain with the vindictive passion of a passing hour even one page of that Statute Book, which stands a proud record of the justice and generosity of the British race.

Compulsory arbitration in labour disputes has been abandoned by the Government as impracticable: and with the giving up of compulsory arbitration goes the Industrial Court, with its power of enforcing its decrees by legal process, involving, of course, the liability of Trade Unions' funds. A court that cannot enforce its judgments by legal process is a mockery; and voluntary arbitration is a farce. For if the submission to arbitration is voluntary, and the Court can't enforce its judgment, either the Trade Unions will never go to arbitration except with an overwhelmingly strong case, or, should the decision be against them, they will ignore it. Let us therefore consider why compulsory arbitration is impracticable in labour disputes.

We have been told by a very high authority that compulsory arbitration has never succeeded anywhere, at any time. We do not understand this saying. There is hardly a contract of any importance between business people that does not contain an arbitration clause, which compels the parties in case of dispute to submit the matter to an arbitrator, or to two arbitrators and an umpire. Is Sir Robert Horne not familiar with the Arbitration Act? If compulsory arbitration is not applicable to Labour disputes, it is only because we have got into the habit of treating labouring men who belong to Trade Unions differently from the other members of the community. They have become a privileged class: merchants, professional men, landowners, must submit to arbitration clauses in their contracts, but not Trade Unionists.

There is another aspect of the case. What is the basis of the League of Nations? The basic principle of the League of Nations is that disputants must not be judges in their own cause. When a dispute arises between two nations or races, it must be referred for settlement to the Council or Assembly of the League of Nations: and if the disputants don't like the decision of the League, they are to be forced to obey by blockade, or economic boycott, or it may be, armed invasion. Yet these principles of compulsory arbitration, which are the foundation of the League of Nations, and which have been proclaimed from the house-tops by Messrs. Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau, we are afraid to apply to our labour disputes at home! It may be answered that the League of Nations is to prevent war. And are not strikes war? The worst kind of civil war, because they are interminable, and regarded as respectable, instead of as criminal, which they really are.

The correspondence between the Duke of Bedford and Lord Northcliffe about one-doored cottages on the Woburn Estate shows that when it suits him the Polypapist does not read the *Daily Mail* and even disagrees with it! A Bouverie Street agriculturist, quite an expert on estate management, had written the Duke's doom in the following words: "In the free atmosphere of to-day, the Woburn model seems an interesting heirloom: it does not live, and if the ducal mind does not enlarge itself on the subject of front doors it is speeding to collapse." It is not quite clear whether the Woburn model, the ducal mind, or the subject of front doors, is "speeding to collapse"; but it is all very *Daily Mailish*, and was written, we surmise, by a gentleman whose idea of cottages is drawn from the Old Kent Road. On the Duke of Bedford's calling

Lord Northcliffe's attention to the sentence, the Polypapist replies that he had not read the *Daily Mail*! that he did not, after reading, agree with it; and that the national reputation of the Woburn estate ought to have protected it from this "unjust reflection." We think so too.

Pork and beans are very good food for soldiers; but if pebbles are substituted for beans, and the pork is soaked in sewage, the result on poor Tommy's intestines is likely to be fatal. On the 6th of October in the Dominion House of Commons Mr. D. McKenzie, the leader of the Opposition, drew the attention of the Canadian Government to the case of The Dominion Canners, Limited, of Simcoe, Ontario. Mr. McKenzie alleged that the Dominion Canners had contracted to supply 86 million cans of pork and beans to the troops at the front, but that it had been discovered by the examiners, or inspectors, that on an average "there were five pebbles in every can, so that seven or eight carloads of stones were shipped to the boys at the front as pork and beans." Further, liquid sewage from the latrines came back into the lower stories of the factory, "flooding the material that was being used for canning."

The above are quotations from Mr. McKenzie's speech, and we do not say that they are true, though nobody in the Canadian House of Commons denied them. The surprise came in the answer of Mr. C. J. Doherty, the Minister of Justice, who said that the Dominion Canners had not made a contract with the Canadian, but with the British Government for the 86 million cans. To quote the concise and elegant language of a Canadian newspaper, "Mr. Doherty said in effect that if any one bought rocks for beans, it wasn't us. The British were the goats." That being so, we hope someone will ask Mr. Churchill whether the matter has been brought under his notice, and what the Quarter-Master-General's office has to say about it. Dominion Canners' Ltd., if the allegations are true, appear to have been guilty of wholesale murder.

The "press-reader," who must not be confounded by the layman with him who "reads" for a publisher, is unquestionably one of the most important agents in the complex process of printing, and the Fund for their pensions deserves generous support. A good reader must be educated, intelligent, and gifted with a senior wrangler's power of concentration. Endless are the amusing mistakes caused by the failure of attention, of which the latest that has come before us was the persistent printing of an eminent critic as "Mr. Edmund Goose." At the Annual Dinner in aid of the Fund Sir Auckland Geddes discussed the perennial topic of the relation between literature and journalism. Sir Auckland Geddes thinks that "it would be better to let the Press get back to a statement of what was going on in the world," that is, a journal should be a news letter, *et prætereā nihil*. But this is a counsel of perfection, editors and proprietors being human, of like parts and passions with the politicians and warriors whose deeds they chronicle.

Theoretically, it would no doubt be better if in this business of journalism there were a division of labour, the daily and evening press providing the news, and the weekly and monthly press commenting and arguing thereon. But practically this is impossible, so long as honours and rewards are showered on political journalism. Does Lord Russell of Liverpool think that he would have obtained his modest title, if he had not stoutly supported his party in his newspaper? There is only one thing that would persuade the modern newspaper proprietor to become a mere newsvendor, and that is the proof that leading articles don't pay, in the sense that they exercise no influence on opinion, and are generally unread. The glaring contrast between the circulation of the Northcliffe papers and their effect on opinion is really a proof that from a commercial point of view Lord Northcliffe might save the money he now spends on political leaders.

A POLITICAL EXPERIMENT.

TO the future historian, one of the queerest and most perplexing phases of this generation will be the rise, the progress, and the ultimate development of the sex experiment in politics. It will not probably take very long for the strangeness to be remarkable, little note of it as we take now. Only a few years ago—as history counts—the whole question occupied the attention of what was a negligible minority. To the great body of sober judgment it was scarcely a matter for serious consideration. To most men, it was the subject of amusement. To the vast majority of women it was—and very probably still is—extremely distasteful. By the late Parliament, in its earlier years, it was contemptuously set aside by large majorities under the leadership of the Prime Minister of the day, who described the proposals for female suffrage as fraught with disaster. Apparently the Parliamentary representatives had no doubt whatever as to the sentiments of their constituents. It seemed as if most men, and all but a handful of noisy women, found solid reason to oppose that novelty in the history of the world, which it is the fashion to describe, by a strange escapade of language, as “sex equality.”

Suddenly there came what amounted to an avalanche of conversion. The Parliamentary representatives persuaded themselves that with no new mandate, and without any opportunity of consulting their constituents, they were compelled to perform a complete *volte face*, and commit the nation to an experiment, unwarranted by anything in the history of the world. Mr. Asquith found that what he had previously described as an act of folly, fraught with danger and desired only by a puny minority, was an absolute necessity, called for by the united voice of the nation. He found classical drapery for his tergiversation, and professed himself ready to chaunt a new palinode of Stesichorus to appease the offended susceptibilities of the militant suffragettes. Suddenly, at his instigation, the Parliamentary representatives were converted by battalions.

Doubts were thrown aside; the consent of constituencies was taken for granted. Long-cherished convictions were abandoned out of deference to the sweet reasonableness of the temporary female Civil Servant, and the calm and dignified restraint of the armies of W.A.A.C.'s and W.R.A.F.'s. These were held to have given to woman a nobility which we had never recognised before, and the only tribute which, in our repentance, we could lay at their feet, was a charter of admission to the amenities of the polling booth, and the inspiring atmosphere of political strife. The same Parliament which had twice rejected Female Suffrage, now found that imperative duty compelled it to adopt it by a vote of seven to one!

It is no use to mince words over such a transaction. It might be right, or it might be wrong, to give votes to women. As to that, it is not at present our purpose to dogmatise. But however that might be, there can be no doubt whatever that a more unscrupulous, a more shameless, a more craven surrender, on the part of those responsible for that memorable political stratagem was never known to history. Mr. Asquith was not alone in the degrading abandonment of a political principle, gravely announced a year or two before; but it was a shrewd stroke of political irony that Mr. Asquith's defeat was believed in Fife to be very largely due to the women whom the death-bed repentance failed to appease. To speak plainly, there cannot be a shadow of doubt that the surrender was dictated to a pack of demoralized politicians, solely by their conviction that the change which they had previously opposed might come by the agency of others, and that it was well to make peace with those who might be the arbiters of their political future. To men seized by a sudden panic, their duty and their responsibility to their constituents became very secondary matters. For ourselves, we retain a confident conviction that the sudden conversion flaunted with such shameless profligacy in the face of the constituencies, represented no real change in the solid opinion of the country, which remains very much where it was. In view of an altered law, and an accomplished revolution in which it was

denied a voice, the country may be silent, it may feel that angry expostulation would only breed useless rancour. But none the less it may feel that it has been deluded and betrayed and may nurse a deep-lurking fear of the results of this latest freak of politics.

But the Rake's Progress is of very necessity, rapid, and may hurry him to lengths which he scarcely foresaw. Our wonderful representatives granted votes to women. In passing the Representation of the People Act, they piqued themselves on their boldness in this regard; but they fancied that they knew where to draw the line, and refused to allow women to sit in Parliament. Only a few weeks were required to prove to them how dangerous to their own political interests such discrimination was. The rancour of female voters, who were denied a chance of soliciting votes, was something which no prudent politician could face. The biggest measure of Parliamentary reform which our history has known, was not therefore allowed to rest unaltered even to the end of the Session. Almost before the new Act was delivered by the printer, it had to be supplemented by another, designed to extend its scope. We must indeed, pity the plight of the scared politicians. They had surrendered on the vote; not to surrender on the question of the admission of women to Parliament would have been to invite the enmity of those whom they had hoped to appease by their abject submission. The Government might very easily have helped them by refusing to tinker with an Act newly placed in the Statute Book. But the Government proved a feeble reed; they temporized, as usual, and thrust upon the shivering Parliamentarians the responsibility of a new surrender. These had no choice in the matter; there never is a choice to those who have been driven into a panic-stricken stampede. Within a few weeks of passing a great measure of Parliamentary reform, which gave to women votes, but no seats, Parliament completed its capitulation by opening the doors of the House to women.

And what has been the result? Has it proved that the great-body of solid opinion in the country has changed with the chameleon-like adaptability of the representation in Parliament? Surely if this had been so, the great mass of voters would have found seats for some of those, the injustice of whose exclusion had impressed itself on the national conscience! Surely above all, the women who had suffered from centuries of male oppression, would have made sure that some of their sisters-in-oppression, were sent to St. Stephen's to maintain their rights! As a fact, the result has been exactly the reverse. A large number of doubtless estimable women presented themselves to various constituencies. Their praises were sung by a sedulous press. They had the *imprimatur* of complaisant official patronage. The only elements who failed were the voters, who remained impenetrably obtuse, and who in no instance gave them even a “look in.”

One exception, indeed, there was. A woman candidate was elected in Ireland. She was a convicted Rebel; and to make sure that the election should prove doubly abortive, the electors chose one who was an alien by marriage. It would be unkind to taunt the pioneers of women politicians too derisively with this achievement.

But once more public attention is noisily attracted towards a candidature of the most grotesque unfitness, and so execrable in taste as to be almost incredible. There is one point in which the new candidate for Plymouth repeats one of the qualifications of the Rebel Alien, chosen by the Irish Sinn Feiners. Ennobled like the Countess Markowitch, Lady Astor is a Viscountess. With a delicacy, which we cannot too much admire, Lady Astor, for herself and her husband, laments, and desires release from, the honour conferred by the Crown upon a not very remote ancestor, presumably with the concurrence of his family. Why our Sovereign should be advised to confer historical and hereditary honours, which we at least respect, upon Americans, who pretend to despise them, we cannot imagine. Nor can we conjecture for what service to the State a peerage was bestowed upon a somewhat churlish millionaire, who deserted his native

country in a mood of personal pique. We suggest that the mistake might be remedied by the Sovereign's omitting to issue a writ of summons to Lord Astor for this or the next Parliament. The other and more serious aspect of the election is the total unfitness of Lady Astor to represent an important maritime constituency. We believe that ground rents are or were a burning question in Plymouth. What is the source of the Astor fortune? Unless we are mistaken, their enormous income is derived from ground rents in New York, which has as many slums as London. Without any effort on the part of the family, without even residence in the city or the country, this fortune has multiplied. We do not ourselves object to ground landlords, or condemn ground rents as a form of property. But when we see Lady Astor "boosted" by an imbecile press as a "democratic" candidate, we cannot repress a smile. The Astor millions must, indeed, be a tower of defence to the working women of Plymouth, whose homes are to be reflected in the heart of one so conversant with all their experiences.

And what about our old friends—the ardent suffragettes? Have they so effectually banished from their breasts every sense of humour, as to hide from themselves the fact that Lady Astor's election would be the most supreme satire on their cause?

Whether, in the orgy of snobbery and corruption the solid sense of the electorate is going to be stampeded by the wife of a peer who insults the ancient order to which he ought to be proud to belong, is undecided as we write. Lady Astor's levity and total ignorance of English politics are the strongest proof of the danger of the celebrated "Leap in the Dark."

MR. LAMOND AND THE MUSICAL PUBLIC.

WE would rather that any other name than that of Mr. Frederic Lamond stood at the head of this article. That he, of all men, should serve to illustrate the awful effect upon musicians of playing to popular audiences is indeed a catastrophe. Of all our pianists, he, at one time, seemed most immune from public contamination. We recognised in him the incorruptible interpreter, the man whom no personal vagary could seduce, whom no applause could betray into any excess of sentiment or parade of virtuosity. We admired even his limitations. It was clear, for example, that the more popular sonatas of Beethoven's middle period were ungenial to him. They lay outside his emotional range. He played them well. He did his duty by them. But it was obvious that all this *appassionata* and *Moonlight* business left him comparatively cold. Not for him the fever and the melancholy, the vague yearning and fine gesture, of German romanticism upon the heights; still less the occasional fuss and rant whereby it so frequently struts or falls headlong. It was amusing to hear Mr. Lamond playing these sonatas, as it is amusing to hear a nice schoolboy reciting 'Childe Harold,' too innocent to inquire whether Byron really meant it all or not. It was even a relief to hear them, for once, played as though they were just sonatas like all the rest, and not necessarily the heart upon the Master's sleeve. Mr. Lamond's range was clearly defined in those days, and it was one within which it was always a delight to find him. No modern interpreter of Beethoven has ever played either the earlier or the later sonatas to better purpose. He gave us in perfection the formal beauty, the freshness and simplicity, of the early sonatas, and he revealed the nobility and mystical breadth of the later ones. It always seemed as though with Mr. Lamond music was too much of the mind and the spirit, and too little of the blood, to permit in him any of those orgies of all-too-human emotion into which Beethoven inevitably tempts the more romantic interpreters of his middle period. Mr. Lamond, in fact, gave us something rare, and undeniably permanent, in place of something which had been made too common.

We begin with this appreciation of Mr. Lamond in the days when he was unable to fill the Bechstein Hall in order that we may more justly lament the practices whereby he is filling the Wigmore Hall to-day. We

take Mr. Lamond only as an extreme case of what seems invariably to happen to popular musicians run by musical tradesmen. If Mr. Lamond can go wrong, we see no possible salvation for ninety-nine musicians in a hundred. Others may go unchallenged on their inevitable way from the music room to sharing a turn at the Coliseum with Grock the musical clown, and submit their Chappell pianofortes to every possible indignity, without a word of protest from us. But Mr. Lamond must, if possible, be saved, even if we have to tell him the truth about the musical public.

On Saturday afternoon he began his programme with the Diabelli Variations, and we will therefore begin with an appreciation of his rendering of them. There could be no more exacting test of a musician's powers, mental or muscular. He played some of them as well as he has ever played. Others he simply played through. No musician we have yet heard has ever played them all equally well. Their variety of style and their emotional range are too enormous. Some of them would not fail in any hands to be merely transitional or prefatory. In these variations Beethoven shows us in fifty minutes an epitome of the history of form in great art. He begins by accepting a rigid and simple structure. He adheres to it as long as it serves his purpose, turning it to almost every kind of use, till at last he can do no more with it. Then, though he abandons it, he still develops his material organically, and with hardly a break in the tissue. There was never so amazing an example of the truth that form is so much the slave of the really great artist that, even when he accepts just what lies to his hand, he feels no necessary limit to what he can do within a given scheme. The simple waltz on which these variations were founded was sent round to Beethoven and his contemporaries in order that a memorial set of variations might be composed upon it, each musician contributing one to the set. Nothing could be less impressive, or seem to contain so little. The waltz is neat, very symmetrical and precise. The musician who chose it for a musical exercise had doubtless in mind the kind of treatment of the variation form which results in the production of a snappy succession of musical Limericks. Beethoven takes this proffered exercise, and long before he abandons the structural scheme for so much as half a bar, he is in turns majestic, mysterious, fanciful, gracious, sportive, meditative, tragic, genial. When we compare the least inspired, or, perhaps we should say, the more tentative, of the Diabelli pages with the ordinary treatment of the variation form before Beethoven put into it some of his loveliest music, we are amazed by the freedom with which genius can move within a given circle.

We may disagree with Mr. Lamond's interpretation here and there of these variations; but he missed none of the sheer beauty, nor any of the unearthly mysticism of the greater ones. To include them at all in a popular programme was an act of courage; to play them as Mr. Lamond played them is only in the power of one or two contemporary musicians. Needless to say, they found the audience fidgety and left it cold. The audience was saving itself up for more congenial things, which followed in due course. We will not say that we have never heard the *Moonlight* sonata played worse than Mr. Lamond played it on Saturday, for to play this sonata badly is so sure a way to win the heart of the musical public that there are few musicians who sooner or later neglect to do so. We simply point out that Mr. Lamond, having been but faintly applauded for playing well an enormously exacting work, virtually fresh and unspoiled in our ears, was received with rapture for playing one of the most familiar compositions in the world in a way that declared a fundamental lack of interest and understanding. We have said that Mr. Lamond is constitutionally obtuse to the appeal of Beethoven's middle sonatas. We were not therefore surprised that he took the *Moonlight* Adagio at a trot, went to sleep over the *Allegretto*, and made the Presto an excuse for ill-treating the piano (supplied, as usual, by Messrs. Chappell) in revenge for the way it had frequently let him down earlier in the day. It is a part of Mr. Lamond's purity and simplicity of

character as a musician that he should do these things, and we will cheerfully forgive him for butchering the Moonlight sonata if he will fulfil his musical destiny by bringing to life the Hammerklavier one. But to devote the greater part of his programme to works he cannot play out of deference to an audience which does not even know he cannot play them, is a mistake which can hardly be overlooked, especially when this conduct is clearly part of a subtle degeneration in the musician himself, and not a mere accident of the afternoon. Mr. Lamond played the Appassionata sonata in the same perfunctory way, and with a resolute determination that those who came to admire his technical proficiency should not be disappointed. Moreover, he played other things—things which in the old days he would have played quite perfectly, but which on Saturday last he played as his audience liked them to be played. When we find Mr. Lamond stealing applause by sentimentalising passages where once he was as straightforward as a thrush, we can only infer that it is impossible for a musician to play to a full hall without ceasing to be one. Of one thing we are sure. There was a time when Mr. Lamond's playing of the rondo in the Waldstein (given as an encore) would have been "as pure as ice, as chaste as snow," when its cold beauty would have glittered under his fingers. On Saturday it was just a sentimental ditty, and this applies also to one of the simplest works Beethoven ever composed, which Mr. Lamond gave earlier in the programme.

What is this audience whom our musicians are unable to resist? It is an audience which has just sufficient love and understanding of music to applaud the classics, if they are played often enough. It likes best the music that has been praised and written about, especially if it can see any kind of literary significance in it. It is an audience which dabbles in most of the arts, and understands music least. It will put its cheek on its hand and listen reverently to the Moonlight sonata or the Fifth Symphony; but it seldom knows whether they are well or badly played. It applauds the popular items in a ballad concert as delightedly as it applauds the Schumann piano concerto, which is rather like going into indiscriminate raptures over Messrs. Robert Hichens and Robert Herrick. Vainly it asks that music shall be an easy outlet for its factitious emotions. And as soon as it finds, or is told, that this musician can play Beethoven, or that one can play Chopin, it goes to their concerts, and insists that they shall play what it wants in the way that it likes. A musician, like an orator, knows as soon as he is out of touch with his hearers. When he can bring them into touch with a little unauthorised rubato here or by impressively thrashing the piano there, who can blame him for the concession? The misfortune is that successful musicians cannot get the audience they deserve and that the audience they do get insists that the musicians shall be worthy of itself.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE younger Nonconformists are now making an independent valuation of their creed. They copy our Curates; sing our hymns; cast sheep's eyes at our ordinations; and long to occupy our pulpits. Sir Robert Perks may be at their prow and the Rev. Dr. Clifford at their helm; but the main body is seeking for Culture. They move towards sweetness and light; darkness and gnashing of teeth at the meat teas of influential cheesemongers are despised. The attitude they adopt is that of the Rev. Charles Honeyman rather than that of a sepulchral Dean. The Sons of Thunder speak low, and with decorum, at the garden parties of Wesleyan Mrs. Proudies.

The fact that there are two Cardinals and one Arch-Priest in the Protestant Reformed Church is a matter of respectful interest to dissenting ministers. Nowadays, we hear of no fire, fagots, Bloody Mary, and Martyrs' Memorials. Those who serve in Little Bethels regard without a smile, matrons and virgins, duly canonised. Lady Huntingdon's connexion will not frown at the interesting and historical survivals in the diocese of London and in the diocese of Exeter.

There is a body of Minor Canons connected with St. Paul's. Two of them are called Cardinals, and they have a Royal Charter from Richard II. Their duties are to celebrate the "Capitular Mass"; to preserve order in the choir, and present defaulters to the Dean on Friday; to hear confessions; visit the sick, bury the dead, receive the oblations and teach the Catechism to the choristers. These Cardinals remain to this day.

We now come to the Arch-Priest. In 1913, the Rectory of Hacombe and Collinswell is mentioned in an Order of Council, "Saving always to the Rector of Hacombe the ancient title of Arch-Priest, and any exemptions and privileges thereto lawfully annexed." It is difficult to ascertain the exact status of the Arch-Priest. Some hold and some deny that he is exempt from all ordinary spiritual jurisdiction. A late Arch-Priest officiated in lawn sleeves attached to an M.A. gown, and took precedence as Arch-Priest of the diocese. As the Arch-Priest maintained his autonomy and his lawn sleeves under Bishops Phillpotts and Temple, it is likely that he will remain, even if the Triple-Crown or the Synagogue were established and endowed in this country.

At St. James's Palace two pictures of benefactors of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields hang side by side. One is that of Nell Gwyn, the other is that of George III. A furtive catalogue states that they are on the dark side of a corridor. *Honi soit!* She left certain effects to the Church; he was Churchwarden.

The choir at St. Martin's wear red cassocks, although this Church is not a Chapel Royal; but it was termed His Majesty's Parochial Church; and here on many occasions persons taking up appointments were given a certificate that they had received the Sacrament according to the usage of the Church of England.

The Church is within measurable distance of St. James's Square; and so surely the red cassocks have received the Bishop's sanction. Those earnest workers in the vineyard, the staff of London House, deal resolutely with miscellaneous questions. They add up episcopal balance sheets, fraternise with infidel cats-men, and adjust the spiritual life of various Mrs. Gamps to a spiritual basis. After these well-thought out schemes they snatch a fearful joy in ecclesiastical millinery; and they follow historical precedents. There are servants at Covent Garden, His Majesty's, and Drury Lane in red. In red and gold the children of the Chapel Royal attend the State concerts. Their songs, or at any rate their clothes, contrast favourably with men singers in black and lady singers in white. This is not all. That great Court official, the Master of the Horse, used to train two or three footmen for the Royal Household, and they wore the Royal livery. A Master of the Horse, Liberal in politics, once heard of the defeat of his government by cheers from the servants' hall. The footmen knew that they would be transferred to the establishment of a Tory magnate where the beer and beef were more plentiful. Regarding its association with royal and semi-royal people, St. Martin's is very welcome to its cassocks. They light up our sombre London, along with Mazarine gowns in the City; the breeches of a famous regiment, which are cherry; the stockings of Bluecoat boys which are yellow; the coats of Heralds of many colours; and the language of some people in the Strand, which is of puce vermillion.

Not long ago, the Eton College authorities, and Eton is a Royal College, thought that red cassocks would light up Henry's Holy Shade. The negotiations were in the hands of a minor royalty, who was not a first-class penman. The answer from an illustrious personage was to the effect that they might have red hassocks!

Nell Gwyn is buried in the Vicars' Vault at St. Martin's. Dr. Tenison, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln and Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon, "much to her praise." She left a decent pulpit cloth and cushion to the Church, and over one hundred pounds for the use of the poor. We need not enter into the discussion whether she left money to the bell-ringers, or whether they frequented the public house called the "Nell Gwyn" and consumed a hot leg of mutton supper at the inclusive charge of one shilling a head.

Besides Nell Gwyn, Sir Winston Churchill and Jack Sheppard, the notorious highwayman, who was executed at Tyburn, are also buried at St. Martin's. This Sheppard must not be confused with an Anabaptist of the same name who wrote on Anabaptist subjects.

"St. Aldegonde," says Lord Beaconsfield, "was opposed to all privileges, and indeed to all orders of men except Dukes, who are a necessity." Nell Gwyn founded a ducal family, and one of her descendants was a Bishop who put up a memorial to her in his Cathedral. Sir Winston Churchill also founded a ducal family. He was the father of the great Duke of Marlborough, and of Arabella Churchill, the mistress of James II., by whom she had a son, the Duke of Berwick. To his sister Marlborough owed his first introduction to Court. The Duchess of Cleveland, mistress of Charles II., established him there. It was with money received from her that he bought an annuity, the beginning of his vast fortune.

Nell Gwyn was a whole-hearted Protestant, and so duly popular with the English people. Her chief rival in the affections of Charles II., was a Roman Catholic, Mademoiselle de Kerouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth. When a costly service of plate was exhibited as a present to the Duchess, she was cursed by passers-by, who wished it had been intended for Mrs. Gwyn. It was at Oxford that Nell Gwyn was mobbed in mistake for the French mistress; and made the well-known retort, "Pray, good people, be civil, I am the Protestant—."

The late Mr. G. W. E. Russell has given an interesting account of a supposed dispensation, granted at the time of the marriage of Edward VII. by the Archbishop of Canterbury. This power is a survival of the power of the Pope; as also are the granting of special licences to marry, the dispensation to hold livings, and the right of conferring Degrees called Lambeth Degrees. For this union, which was Protestant and Lutheran, a date in Lent had been fixed. High Churchmen and Ritualists objected, but the Archbishop, desiring to stand well with the Court, the Government, and the Low church party, refused the request of Bishop Wilberforce to intervene. The dauntless Bishop announced to his Archdeacons that the Archbishop had the power, and had used the power, to dispense with the Lenten Fast! In this way it was stated that a whole nation had been released from a religious obligation.

SWIFT AND GULLIVER.

OF all the great satirists, Swift stands the least in need of a commentary. His style is so lucid, his allusions so direct, that the bulk of his work might well have been written to-day, rather than little short of two centuries ago. Thackeray, who was far from doing him justice in other respects, says truly that, "He lays his opinions before you with a grave simplicity and a perfect neatness." Thus schoolboys read him for his story, and vote him the equal of 'Masterman Ready,' 'Treasure Island,' and their modern successors. If a good deal of the irony escapes them, they feel thoroughly at home in a judiciously expurgated Lilliput, and find in the Academy of Lagado a pleasing exposure of the futility of much of their own studies. To maturer minds the quarrels of the High-Heels and the Low-Heels, between the Big-Endians and the Little-Endians, despite their eighteenth century turn, seem as actual as the disputes between Coalition and Labour, or Orthodoxy and Dr. Hensley Henson, Bishop of Hereford. A cheap edition of Swift, therefore, which aims merely at a sound text, without elucidatory notes, except for the 'Tale of a Tub,' is to be welcomed.* It is otherwise with Rabelais, who heaps trope on trope, coins words and hurls recondite invective at the Sorbonne and monasticism until, to be properly understood nowadays, he needs a thorough equipment of glossary, bibliography and much besides.† Even

Samuel Butler's 'Erewhon,' though almost a thing of yesterday, will soon want an interpretation to its whims and temporary quips; it seems, indeed, to require one already with regard to University teaching.

"As wit," wrote Swift, "is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable." The attempt to draw a distinction between the two qualities must always be futile; it is perfectly intelligible to the thought, but it declines to be set down in words. Swift, at all events, attempted and achieved a wit entirely his own in the form of grave irony. Comparing him with Rabelais, we perceive that, while the Frenchman is oleaginous, Swift is dry; we laugh with Rabelais, in answer to his own vast guffaw, but we smile with Swift, and even so, the smile is apt to be furtive. Now irony is the most difficult of all literary veins to maintain; Cervantes himself does not essay it for long flights, but is careful to interlard Sancho's buffooneries with such masterpieces of solemn parody as the Don's discourse on pimping. Fielding flags at times in 'Jonathan Wild the Great,' and so does Thackeray in 'Barry Lyndon'; the first deviates into moralizing, the second into commonplace narrative. Swift, however, gathers strength as he goes; the 'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms' is conceived with a much sterner purpose than that to Lilliput. Here again he is unlike Rabelais, who, becoming more genial in his course, proceeds from the gross hedonism of Gargantua to the Epicurean serenity of "le mot de la bouteille."

There is, perhaps, a pause with Swift midway. We cannot help feeling that he might have made more than he did out of the ghosts of Glubbdubdrib. The chapter is a legitimate gird at the credibility of history, and there it ends. Still then come the Struldbrugs, and finally the Yahoos. The whole fable is conveyed with an exquisite verisimilitude, from the moment when Gulliver ate the two or three joints of Lilliputian mutton, "smaller than the wings of a lark," at a mouthful, to that when his master, the Houyhnhnm, as he was about to fall prostrate and kiss his hoof by way of farewell, "did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth." The geography is so credible that the various countries seem to be unaccountably missing from our atlases; there ought to be an Island of Laputa somewhere about the latitude of 46° N. and the longitude 183, and if the storm that rose northward of Madagascar and about five degrees south latitude renders the exact position of Brobdingnag a trifle vague, we know at all events in what quarter of the map to look for it. And what could be more convincing than such native greetings as "Hekinah degul," or "glum-gluff" as a local measure equalling about six feet? Really, when we are well in the middle of 'Gulliver's Travels,' the Irish bishop who, as Swift told Pope, said that the book was full of improbable lies, and that he hardly believed a word of it, does not seem such an absolute fool after all. Always supposing, that is, that the bishop ever existed. Swift did not love bishops.

Swift's reputation has been unworthily obscured by Thackeray's onslaught on him in the 'English Humourists.' "Horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous" are the crushing adjectives, directed mainly at the 'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms,' which is further defined as "filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene." This is sad nonsense. The fact is that Thackeray, the incurable sentimentalist, is thinking all the time about Stella and Vanessa; "only a woman's hair," and the rest of it. Swift's relations with the other sex have, no doubt, a good deal that is reconditely unpleasant about them, and Lord Ossory's excuse that he looked on women rather as busts than whole figures, though true enough in its way, does not help us much. But the questions whether Swift ought to have married Stella or actually did, and whether Vanessa died of a broken heart or didn't, have nothing to do with the author of 'Gulliver's Travels.'

Taken as a whole, as every coherent book should be taken, 'Gulliver' is far from justifying Thackeray's

* Gulliver's Travels, a Tale of a Tub, etc. By Jonathan Swift. Humphrey Milford. 3s. 6d. net.

† An excellent edition, with a Life by M. Louis Moland, is published by MM. Garnier Frères.

invective, the "unmanly" least of all. 'Gulliver' really resolves itself less into an attack on human nature than into an exposure of kingcraft, priestcraft, and legal chicanery. Is the story of the immortal Struldbrugs, whom all the Laputians despised, as horrible and shameful as Thackeray thinks? We cannot see it. What is it but a rewriting of the legend of Tithonus, with its profound lesson? How we should have jeered a year ago at a survivor of Marlborough's campaigns, if he had laid down the law in the *Times* on what should be done on the Flanders front! As for the obscenity, it is true that there are grimy recesses in Swift's mind which are not quite to be explained away by the citation of parallel passages from Pope or Defoe. But compare him with Rabelais! Voltaire is not far wrong when he declares that Swift has "toute la finesse, la raison, le choix, le bon goût qui manquent à notre curé de Meudon." If blasphemous at all, he is so in the 'Tale of a Tub.'

No, Swift, though he affected the cynic, was really a Sentimental Radical before his time. "The bulk of our people," we read in the 'Voyage to the Houyhnhnms,' "were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages to make a few live plentifully." All the "causes" are to be found in him; kindness to animals, female education, eugenics, and provision for the aged. In Lilliput, "the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals: for begging is a trade unknown to this kingdom." The Pacifist can find moral support in the King of Brobdingnag's horror at the invention of gunpowder and cannon, though the topic is even more searchingly dealt with in the "Digression on the nature, usefulness and necessity of wars and quarrels" in the 'Tale of a Tub' ("war, famine and pestilence, the usual cures for corruptions in bodies politic . . ."). The author is to write a panegyric on each of them.") Secret diplomacy was abhorrent to the ruler of Brobdingnag, who "professed to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement and intrigue, whether in a king or a minister." Esperanto and Pelmanism (the expression of words by things) were practised in Laputa, a most proper place for them. Swift's *sæva indignatio* against mankind was confined to the last pages of his best-known book, and the last years of his life, when he was dying "like a poisoned rat in a hole." In his prime, his sympathies were strong enough, though, as with good old wines, you have to go downstairs to find them.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

THE International Society is in danger of settling too easily into complacent middle-age—not the middle age of mature and steady achievement, but a comfortable retirement on a reputation made in the past. Yet the moment offers a great chance to recover character and give a *raison d'être* to a show that has now lost its savour. Shut in on ourselves for five years, we want to know what has been done outside, in the vigorous Scandinavian countries, in Spain, in Japan, and, of course, in France; it is greatly to be hoped that invitations will once more be sent and will bring works the challenge of which must stimulate the habitual dwellers in the sleepy circle. The few Belgian artists who exhibit do bring a fresh flavour, though none are very vital painters. Where are the vigorous young painters that the Society should have attracted and fostered? Choice reminiscences of other exhibitions, and a superabundance of facile cleverness are evident, but it is difficult to discover work of which one could say, "Here is a talent which has been nourished, disciplined, worked to the last ounce, is more profound than seemed possible, and has become worth while."

The most provocative canvas is Mr. Alvaro Guevara's portrait of 'The Editor of Wheels.' This harsh uncompromising presentment of Miss Sitwell, immobile as a yogi in contemplation, is moving in the intensity of the painter's vision; it is a crying challenge to the well-appointed interiors and romantic landscapes round it; it suggests John the Baptist in a Chelsea

drawing-room. The surface of the painting is unpleasant and neglected, the face has a curious effect of concavity in the planes, but the sense of colour shows a great advance on Mr. Guevara's last work. The subtlety of the whites in the door frame, boldly opposed to the blue black of the floor, suggests not conscious æsthetic choice but personal reaction and discovery; the whole scheme is daring and exceedingly rich. No other canvas here has the same feeling for "things," such inevitable relation in accessories, nor such stark reality of spirit. This is a real achievement and if only Mr. Guevara will be as harsh with himself as with his sitter and canvas, here are qualities worth maturing. Was Mr. Glyn Philpot ever young and struggling for expression? He seems always to have been accomplished. His portrait 'Italian Soldier, No. 3,' is vivid in its expression of character, vigorous in modelling, and largely spaced with no gap in its compact scheme of colour. His large decorative illustration, 'Melampus and the Centaur,' shows his lack of imaginative conviction. The effective spacing and harmonious colour, the solid construction of the youthful figure—these might be enjoyed in unexacting moods as a gymnasium display of technical muscle, but the strength is directed at no vital problem. Empty and rhetorical, too, is Mr. Harry Morley's 'Quarry' (No. 41). The swarm of little figures so vigorously engaged in building nothing in particular, with a rather Teutonic effect of heroic but monotonous activity, and the red curtain which hangs so conveniently in the design, suggest the stage properties of pictorial effect. More satisfactory is his 'Judgment of Paris,' a frank re-statement of Florentine and Umbrian picture interests. Remembrances of Signorelli give a well-filled design, and afford an opportunity for direct sensitive figure drawing, the woman on the right being particularly delicately characterised.

Mrs. Laura Knight relies more definitely on the interest of her subjects. Her three scenes from the Russian Ballet suggest how dangerous as themes for the painter these fascinating performances can be. These ballets are themselves complete works of art, and are therefore as little amenable as direct matter for picture design as a cathedral, or as Greek (and Negro) sculpture. Degas found in stage themes odd figures engaged in vigorous movement and scraps of capriciously lit and coloured scenery; he studied them profoundly for their interest of character and form, but re-combined them in the creation of his own world of design. A bad ballet from the producer's point of view might result in a fine Degas. Mrs. Knight renders scenes as she sees them with powerful technical ability. Her trouble is that she sees them with little more distinction than the average delighted spectator; her robust common sense destroys the magic of quick elusive movement when she elects to fix the compositions found for her by the designers of the dance. 'Before the Curtain' with a clever use of the sweeping lines of the dress circle and its more emphatic spaces, is the best of her designs. Her two small paintings of Boxing Matches are similar pieces of brilliant topical illustration.

Much comment is unnecessary on the chilly polished portraits of Mr. Strang, or the gypsies and horses of Mr. Munnings, rather jolly at times but multiplying with a fatal facility; nor on the jugs and plain spaces of the Nicholsons and the 'Red Bed,' which is the year's variation of Mr. James Pryde's effective recipes for handling rather musty subject matter. With these painters the expected has happened, and admirers know what they will find.

Thirteen portraits by Mr. McEvoy have been dealt lavishly through the rooms. With his fluent and agreeable talent, and a technical skill originally based on long and serious study, probably Mr. McEvoy knows as well as any one the danger he runs by producing so much stuff that a certain public adores. Thirteen portraits! No. 311 is perhaps the best; the head of 'Mademoiselle' shows a real choice of shape in the oval of face and the line of the jaw, and the fulness and firmness of the head suggest something of the brilliancy and charm of Manet in rendering feminine personality. No. 401, 'Mr. and Mrs. Alan Parsons,' has

wit and a feeling of intimacy of mood, flimsy as it is. The rather grim portrait of an old Dutch Lady, by Mr. A. N. Lewis, with its grasp of construction, and character, would be a good antidote to Mr. M'Evoy's fashionable beauty, and so might be Professor William Rothenstein's portrait of himself, looking unexpectedly truculent in the steel helmet and sheepskin of the British Expeditionary Force. The helmet, indeed, is the most concrete object in the painting, and the textures of the coat come next; but there is a careful and thorough investigation of drawing and tone in the head which compel respect.

In the 'Corner Room,' which is oppressively crowded with water colours and pastels, there are refreshing spots. Miss Frances Hodgkins has several alert and interesting drawings, with a fine sense of colour and design in No. 214, 'Threshing.' The facts of the powerful machinery are accepted and built into a large pattern with the screen of trees behind, with a definite rhythm of line. Miss Hodgson's oil painting, 'Seaside Lodgings,' extracts a personal design out of a chaos of objects, but is less complete than her water colours. Mr. John D. Revel's water-colours of Eastern subjects are the most brilliant drawings in their room, and have something of the manner of Eastern art in the concentration of interest in a few spots of vivid characterisation rather than considering the build of an organic design. Will his qualities degenerate to the superficially skilful? Now his figures and head have well-observed action, character and expression, especially in No. 194, 'Kurds Resting by the Tigris,' and No. 182. More modest and restrained are Mr. Thomas Baxter's drawings: No. 248, 'A Woman Taking Down Her Hair,' a little reminiscent of Puvis de Chavannes, has courage in its emphatic contour and spacing—valuable in contrast to its surroundings, and No. 253 has a promising *naïveté* in design and drawing, a look of something seen at first hand.

In the water-colour room hangs a large and curious oil painting by Mr. Hippolyte Daeye, which he calls 'The Happy Three.' One discovers in the interior of a room the slight form of a nude child silhouetted against a bulky parental looking person, while a woman dimly emerges from the background; the whole vision suggests a reflection in a steamed mirror. The impression is of a queer survival from the period of symbolism and misty suggestion, but the vaguest follower of Whistler or Carrière would appear as a strong draughtsman compared with M. Daeye. Yet he conveys the idea of a genuinely felt sensation of beauty, of intimacy and tender colour.

Sculpture makes a very mild display in the exhibition. Mr. Ernest Cole's 'St. John Baptist' shows a feeling for style in profile and his group in black wax has qualities of mass and grouping. It is work curiously sought for rather than coming as the seal of personality on the working out of a conception.

There are many other things which might be enjoyed, if hung in a small room with a few others; their multiplication in these big exhibitions is unkind, they become thoroughly tedious, and suggest such lack of aim and diffusion of energy that sentences of from six to twelve months' hard discipline with an austere Cubist seem deserved, and might be salutary. There must be more virile and positive talents now emerging from the obscurity of war service; and unless the International can attract such and establish contact with European painting, it must lose any value it has had as an independent society.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PARTITION OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The devolution scheme would be more correctly headed The Partition of the United Kingdom. England left to bear the burden of the peculiarities of about eight millions of Welsh, Scottish and Irish people would not be herself divided, and I have not seen it suggested that, were the insane project of establishing petty local Legislatures to be realised, England would

actually be denied a Legislature of her own. The professed object of this "Federation" is to appease one section of the inhabitants of Ireland. The loyal and industrial section do not desire it. There is not the slightest indication that the disloyal section would accept it as a substitute for the "self-determination," "Irish Republic," or whatever else the Sinn Feiners may clamour for. All these would say is that they have no objection to the British Government setting up as many Parliaments as it pleases, but that does not concern them.

The scheme of "partition" or "federation" (it being first necessary to separate before "federating") merely means sowing Great Britain with turnpikes. We were glad enough to get rid of actual turnpikes for the benefit of the whole community, at the cost of the whole community. On the other hand, we know the still continuing disadvantages of a different Law in Scotland from that of England, and the substantial perils which threaten the inadvertent Southron when he crosses the Tweed! Yet we find men who pose as statesmen become paltering, puffing politicians when faced with what is called the Irish "Question." Against the spirit of the age and our experience in the particular case, these persons invoke a centrifugal instead of a centripetal force. We, who have established liberty and good government for one-quarter of mankind, and one-fifth of the globe, are, at the behest of a majority of crazy intriguing politicians without nerve for governing, to abandon in despair the government of two and three quarter millions of people sixty miles away, and this although we have the aid of one and a half million on the spot. In India our *Pax Britannica* has bred a perfect unity of loyalty and toleration throughout its vastly numerous races, religions and States. But these same politicians are now working hard to break up that unity, to coquet with disloyalty, and to bring to birth a monstrous "Ireland" in the East. This is what might have been expected, and was freely predicted by myself at all events, directly a representative of the "Hidden Hand" was put in charge of Indian affairs at this end.

The strategical position of Ireland makes "self-determination" of its inhabitants impossible. The defence of Ireland must always be the responsibility of Great Britain, as she could never be strong enough to defend herself.

But I am not asking you to insert an article on Ireland, although I should be happy to supply one. I am merely dealing with the despairing, and unprincipled attempt to smother the difficulties there by reproducing them here. Our "rulers" evidently have a very poor estimate of the intelligence of the "mutable many" by whose sweet voices they live, thrive and have their being.

Yours faithfully,

H. CROUCH BATCHELOR.

10, Wetherby Terrace, S.W.,

Nov. 3, 1919.

PESSIMISTS AND THE NATIONAL DEBT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The profound melancholy of your columns impels me to quote Macaulay on the National Debt to you. As you will not always have such an antidote as follows for the benefit of your readers, I would also suggest a short snappy article on racing. This is what the greatest and wisest historian of modern times says:

"Such was the origin of that debt which has since become the greatest prodigy that ever perplexed the sagacity and confounded the pride of statesmen and philosophers. At every stage in the growth of that debt the nation has set up the same cry of anguish and despair. At every stage in the growth of that debt it has been seriously asserted by wise men that bankruptcy and ruin were at hand. Yet still the debt went on growing; and still bankruptcy and ruin were as remote as ever. When the great contest with Louis the Fourteenth was finally terminated by the Peace of Utrecht, the nation owed about fifty millions; and that debt was considered not merely by the rude multitude, not merely by fox-hunting squires and coffee-house orators, but

by acute and profound thinkers, as an encumbrance which would permanently cripple the body politic. Nevertheless trade flourished, wealth increased, the nation became richer and richer. Then came the war of the Austrian succession; and the debt rose to eighty millions. Pamphleteers, historians and orators pronounced that now, at all events, our case was desperate. Yet the signs of increasing prosperity, signs which could neither be counterfeited nor concealed, ought to have satisfied observant and reflecting men that a debt of eighty millions was less to the England which was governed by Pelham, than a debt of fifty millions had been to the England which was governed by Oxford. Soon war again broke forth; and, under the energetic and prodigal administration of the first William Pitt, the debt rapidly swelled to a hundred and forty millions. As soon as the first intoxication of victory was over, men of theory and men of business almost unanimously pronounced that the fatal day had now really arrived. The only statesman, indeed, active or speculative, who did not share in the general delusion was Edmund Burke. David Hume, undoubtedly one of the most profound political economists of his time, declared that our madness had exceeded the madness of the Crusaders. Richard Cœur de Lion and Saint Lewis had not gone in the face of arithmetical demonstration. It was impossible to prove by figures that the road to Paradise did not lie through the Holy Land; but it was possible to prove by figures that the road to national ruin lay through the national debt. It was idle, however, now to talk about the road: we had done with the road: we had reached the goal: all was over: all the revenues north of the Trent and west of Reading were mortgaged.

Better for us to have been conquered by Prussia or Austria than to be saddled with the interest of 140 millions. And yet this great philosopher—for such he was—had only to open his eyes, and to see the improvement around him, cities increasing, cultivation extending, marts too small for the crowd of buyers and sellers, harbours insufficient to contain the shipping, streets better lighted, houses better furnished, richer wares exposed to sale in statelier shops, swifter carriages rolling along smoother roads. He had, indeed, only to compare the Edinburgh of his boyhood with the Edinburgh of his old age. His prediction remains to posterity, a memorable instance of the weakness from which the strongest minds are not exempt.

Not less gloomy was the view which George Grenville, a minister eminently diligent and practical, took of our financial situation. The nation must, he conceived, sink under a debt of 140 millions. The attempt to lay a portion of the load on the American colonies produced another war. The war left us with an additional hundred millions of debt, and without the colonies whose help had been represented as indispensable. Again England was given over: and again the strange patient persisted in becoming stronger and more blooming in spite of all the diagnostics and prognostics of the State Physicians. As she had been visibly more prosperous with a debt of 140 millions than with a debt of 50 millions, so she was visibly more prosperous with a debt of 240 millions than with a debt of 140 millions. Soon, however, the wars which sprung from the French Revolution, and which far exceeded in cost any that the world had ever seen, tested the powers of public credit to the utmost. When the world was again at rest, the funded debt of England amounted to 800 millions. If the most enlightened man had been told, in 1792, that, in 1815, the interest on 800 millions would be duly paid to the day at the Bank, he would have been as hard of belief as if he had been told that the Government would be in possession of Aladdin's lamp, or of the purse of Fortunatus. It was in truth a gigantic, a fabulous debt; and we can hardly wonder that the cry of despair should have been louder than ever. But again that cry was found to have been as unreasonable as ever. After a few years of exhaustion England recovered herself. Yet, like Addison's valetudinarian, who continued to whimper that he was dying of consumption till he became so fat that he was shamed into silence, she went on complaining she was

sunk in poverty, till her wealth showed itself by tokens which made her complaints ridiculous.

It can hardly be doubted that there must have been great fallacy in the notions of those who uttered and those who believed the long succession of confident predictions, so signally falsified by a long succession of indisputable facts.

The prophets erroneously imagined that there was an exact analogy between the case of an individual who is in debt to another individual, and the case of a society which is in debt to a part of itself; and this analogy led them into endless mistakes about the effect of the system of funding. Furthermore, they greatly overrated the pressure of the burden: they greatly underrated the strength by which the burden was to be borne."

There is life in the old dog yet.

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM HOZIER.

Carlton Club.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for giving us the opportunity of reading once more a familiar piece of stimulating rhetoric. But, so far as we know, the income-tax never exceeded 10 per cent. in the worst days of the second Pitt: to-day it ranges from 30 to 50 per cent. Nor in Macaulay's time was the electorate more than 300,000 or 400,000. To-day there are 20 million electors of both sexes, who impose taxes which nine-tenths of them don't pay. These facts would have dashed even Macaulay.—Ed. S.R.]

INDUSTRIAL PARTNERSHIP.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The question how to reconcile more or less permanently the interests of capital and labour has been ventilated in your columns. With your permission, I would say a few words in favour of making all workers shareholders in the enterprises in which they are employed, of putting capital and labour, shareholder and worker, in one and the same boat.

Hundreds of profit-sharing arrangements have been tried in this country and abroad, and practically all of them have proved a failure. Their non-success is due, in my opinion, to the fact that the various schemes were either too complicated, or were insufficiently attractive to the workers. Profit-sharing, to be successful should have three features. Firstly, it should offer substantial benefit to the workers, so as to make it worth while. Secondly, it should apply to all workers in an undertaking, and not only to a selected few, because the non-sharers might go on strike and pull out the sharers. Thirdly, the scheme should be of the utmost simplicity, so as to make its attractiveness and fairness obvious to all and prevent misconception on the part of the unscrupulous.

Hitherto shares given to individual workers have, as a rule, been quickly sold by the recipients. To make such a sale impossible, and to interest all workers in the undertaking in which they are engaged, I suggest that the share capital of undertakings should be increased by 30, 40, or 50 per cent. Of course, legislation would be required to enable such increase. The large number of shares so created should be vested by deed collectively in all the workers, and the dividends accruing on these collective workers' shares should be distributed half-yearly among them, so as to form a fixed dividend on their actual six-monthly earnings. If the workers' shares should come to a million, and a 10 per cent. dividend be declared on the whole share capital, there would be £100,000 for the workers, and if their combined earnings during the previous six months had been £800,000, there would be a bonus of 12½ per cent. for every single worker. So a man who earned £8 per week would get twice as large a bonus as a man who had earned only £4 per week. Workers would at first consider the six-monthly bonus as a windfall.

When making all their workers shareholders, the directors should add to the Board a number of workmen shareholders who, at first, would be selected by the old directorate. Later on, the workmen themselves

might elect them. The duty of the workmen-directors would be to assist the Board in the usual way, and to keep the worker-shareholders constantly informed on the progress of the company. The workers would soon begin to take an intelligent interest in the business and strive to increase its profits, for the larger the profits would be, the larger would be the six-monthly bonus. The men would discover that their interests and those of the capitalists are identical. Hence they would abandon their hostility to labour-saving machinery and improvements, and strikes would become impossible. By striking they would lose not only their wages, but also their bonus. They would discover that they might improve their income most easily by increasing the efficiency of the works and its profits.

Of course, it may be argued that the increase in the share capital by, let us say, 50 per cent. would be an injustice to existing shareholders, for the value of the old shares would thereby be seriously depreciated. At first sight that objection would seem to be correct. However, the benefits of the increase of the company's capital might far exceed its disadvantages. In the first place, a substantial co-partnership shared by all the workers ought to bring permanent peace to the establishment which had adopted it, and this alone would be a priceless boon. In the second place, workers, instead of doing the minimum for the maximum wage, would try to do the maximum for a reasonable wage. Production per man is three times as great in the United States as it is in Great Britain. It may seem incredible, but it is true. Hence, production might be trebled, and probably more than trebled, in this country. The trebling of production, which is perfectly feasible, would treble or more than treble profits. Consequently the shares of the average concern which had adopted the general co-partnership idea should receive a considerably larger dividend than they had received before the great addition to the share capital had been effected. Promoters frequently buy a large number of small or medium sized undertakings at an exaggerated cost, add to the large sum expended a substantial promoters' profits, and bring on the market a huge concern which apparently is heavily over-capitalised. The over-capitalisation is in many cases more apparent than real. The promoter, in increasing the capital of the various concerns, has merely been capitalising the prospective profits arising from the elimination of unnecessary waste through competition, etc., and from the increase in productive efficiency. In adding, let us say, 50 per cent. to the capital of the company, and vesting these shares collectively in the workers, the directors would merely capitalise the very valuable goodwill of the workers and the benefits arising from increased efficiency and from the absence of antagonism between capital and labour.

I hope that these lines, which treat the subject of harmonising permanently capital and labour somewhat too briefly, may attract the attention of practical business men and of workers and of those friends of the workers who try to improve the position of labour and who do not lose sight of the fact that prosperity for all can be created only by the cordial co-operation of capital, labour and brains, and that the last is the most important of the three.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. ELLIS BARKER.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. W. T. Richardson writes:—"Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., that Prince of self-deceived idealists, advocates partnership between employed and employer as the solution for strikes. Yet under his very nose he refuses to see the widespread strike that lately took place in the Co-operative Societies' shops and warehouses in the North of England."

Could you tell me, Sir, whether the above-named men who struck were or were not partners or sharers in profits? I want to know because, if they were fully interested as sharers in profits, what they did forms a striking exception to a general rule.

I fear that the Prince of self-deceived idealists, referred to by Mr. Richardson, has many followers. For there be some of us who are foolish

enough to believe that under the present system it is to the interest of the employer to get the most work he can for the lowest wages, while it is to the interest of the employed to give the least work for the highest obtainable wages so that the interests of employer and employed are antagonistic. We, of course foolishly, believe strikes must continue so long as these contradictory interests exist.

There are undoubtedly great difficulties in the way of giving the employed a share in the management and profits of any business. But these difficulties have been removed in many cases, so successfully removed, indeed, that strikes have never occurred. They have never occurred because there has been nothing to strike against.

The employed may be—as Lord Fisher might say—damn fools, but before they can strike against a stone wall, the wall must be in existence.

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

PAPAL POLICY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your editorial note and the letters in your last issue make it clear that nobody has any quarrel with individual Roman Catholics, who in England and Scotland, at all events, are, and have been since the last Jacobite rising in 1745, loyal subjects of the Crown. All the same, you are right in protesting against the appointment of the Hon. Sir James Eric Drummond as Chief of the British Secretariat at Geneva to the Council of the League of Nations. Sir Eric Drummond has long occupied a distinguished position in the Foreign Office, where he has rendered great service to the State. He is brother and heir presumptive to the Earl of Perth, an old Jacobite and Scots Catholic family, and he has married a daughter of Lord Herries. So that he is of "the old rock" of Catholicism in Scotland. To Sir Eric Drummond personally there can be no objection: he is a gentleman of illustrious descent and connections, and has proved his ability in his profession of diplomacy. But what about the policy of the Church of which he is a member? For more than two centuries, the seventeenth and eighteenth, the Church of Rome governed France by Cardinals. To-day the Church of Rome governs, by her bishops and priests, Spain, though there her power is waning, as it has waned in Italy, and disappeared in France. Where the Church of Rome cannot govern, she foments political disaffection; that is her settled policy, as seen in Ireland, in the United States, in Canada, and Australia. The Protestant empire of the Hohenzollerns being broken up, we may be sure that the finger of Rome will be busy in South Germany and in what remains of the Austrian Empire. Therefore I agree with you that the appointment of Sir Eric Drummond (so useful an official at Whitehall), to the post of Secretary to our branch of the League of Nations is unwise.

Yours faithfully,

DIPLOMATIST.

MR. BALFOUR AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your passing reflections on the failure of the retiring Foreign Secretary suggest no unimportant material towards that great history of the War, its Causes and Consequences, which our descendants will some day read. Among its surprises will doubtless be the allocation here and there of tragic responsibility to action (or inaction) of the least overtly sensational character.

Of all recent political phenomena it may probably be asserted that the great Conservative blunder which eight years before the war handed the trump card of the game to an Idealist Academic Radical Socialist party, did more than any other act, if not to cause the tragedy in which we are still struggling, at least to render it possible and probable.

That ill-timed transference of power, just when by rights the pendulum should have swung to the other side was responsible for the "nidus" of industrial

egotism and ignorance, of academic pacifism, of insular indifference which rendered the German outrage likely if not inevitable.

And had the beloved and respected (the fatally seque-
cious) Conservative leader but pronounced assuredly
that "No" that was on his lips, how different might
have been the sequel! Had a mind obscured by a long
course of philosophic doubt risen in that great emer-
gency to a right decision, there could scarcely have
ensued that orgy of anti-social demagogic indulgence
(an excess for which both Radical leaders have ex-
pressed a certain degree of repentance) which has in-
volved the nation in such dreadful perils.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

G. H. P.

Savile Club, W.

"PEACE-LOVING NATIONS."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Three of our leading Admirals, Lords Fisher, Jellicoe and Beatty, have recently been airing their views, and they do not appear to look forward to any safety for our country other than that to be secured by a big Navy.

Now this is singular. Everyone knows that we fought this war "to end war," and everyone knows that we won a great victory. Why then is war not ended? Is it that after all the losers have won? Is it that "German militarism" has conquered us?

Let us take Admiral Jellicoe's new report of the necessity for a navy for Australia at the annual cost of £19,500,000 as a part of the future fleet of the British Empire. What is it Lord Beatty says (at Bristol)? "The peace-loving nations of the world have crushed those nations which threatened the peace of the world." Then why this gigantic navy? Are the "peace-loving nations" about to crush each other, and if so, why? Surely the noble Lords are pulling our ignoble legs. Since when did Admirals long for perpetual peace, with the consequent extinction of navies and admirals? Or how, I pray you, does British history fit in with the "peace-loving" theory? How did England become possessed of India, Canada, Egypt, South Africa, not to speak of the West Indies, Gibraltar or Malta and sundry other trifles? I suppose it was the old story—that "the meek shall inherit the earth." Certainly a "peace-loving nation" would never seize the territory of other people by force of arms. We may, therefore, rebuke Germany for her "lust of world dominion," while we sing "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves." But, alas, for all our conscious rectitude, envious people will talk of British hypocrisy, and even the greatest navy ever built will fail to protect us from their scorn, or to keep ruin and bankruptcy from our midst: for our chief enemy is in our own heart.

A big army and a big navy may be very fine things for commanders and contractors, but as they have brought ruin on Empires in the past and again in our own day, so will they bring destruction upon us, if we continue to put our trust in them. Indeed, Admiral Sims has shown, in *Pearson's Magazine* for October, that in 1917 it was only America that saved us from disaster.

We talk of our peaceful intentions, but now is the time to prove our sincerity—or otherwise.

If we really desire peace and goodwill, let us lay down our arms, for that is the only way of life.

Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH SOUTHALL.

13, Charlotte Road, Birmingham,
November 1, 1919.

[Our correspondent forgets Japan.—ED. S.R.]

DEMOCRACY, ARISTOCRACY AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We are sometimes told that our victory over Germany was the triumph of democracy over aristocracy, and Ludendorff is quoted as saying that, if the Germans had had a Lloyd George instead of a Kaiser, they would probably have pulled through.

All such talk is, I venture to suggest, utterly without foundation. The German Army was aristocratic in its conception and discipline, and was the most perfect military weapon ever contrived by the brains and energy of man. It fell certainly, and fell, probably, for ever; but its fall was surely the result of two things—first, the blockade which brought starvation to within speaking distance of every German door, and, secondly, the enormous odds, let us say 10 to 1, by which Germany and her allies were out-numbered. Our own people, with their democratic theories, would not have stood for a month the strain which Germany endured for years, thanks largely to the aristocratic character of her military and political organisation.

We certainly won the war, and cannot be too thankful for our victory, but that victory was purchased at the cost of universal demoralisation. In the very beginning of the conflict the Labour leaders made up their minds to exploit to the utmost the national emergency; and as Mr. Lloyd George was pleased to encourage this attitude for his own purposes, the result was an orgy of waste and idleness and incompetence in all, or nearly all, Government workshops and "controlled" concerns such as the world had never witnessed before. As has been pointed out, although we have won the war, we have not won the peace, and the general slackening of effort, for which the Trade Unions are largely responsible, and the steady growth of our national indebtedness bid fair to land us speedily in national bankruptcy, in spite of all the fair words and false deductions of the Prime Minister.

Meanwhile we are going to spend a further sum of £118,000,000 on the Army, and this notwithstanding that, when we are bankrupt, there will be nothing left to protect, and we might just as well be under the dominion of Frenchmen or Yankees as under the blasting tyranny of Bolshevik Labourites. Could anything be more ridiculous than the costly advertisements by which we attempt to cajole men to join the Army—promising them plenty of idleness and good pay—the while discipline is becoming steadily slacker, until there is a serious prospect of the British Army becoming an armed mob much more dangerous to its friends and paymasters than to its country's foes? Officers of thirty years' standing who remember the halcyon days of the British Army are heartily glad to be leaving the service, and to be relieved of difficulties and responsibilities which cannot be adequately discussed in print.

Meanwhile, the Premier and Lord Milner have the effrontery to prophesy pleasant things, and to pretend that lessened production, increasing discontent and a national debt of eight thousand millions are matters which may safely be ignored.

Yours faithfully,

Thurlow, Suffolk,

C. F. RYDER.

November 3, 1919.

JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Would it be possible to counteract in some measure, the bitter effect of Mr. Wade's letters to you in regard to Anglo-American relationship?

Last night I received a letter from an American friend, who is Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board for Massachusetts. I give the following extract:—

"Do not let your English friends believe what they read in the papers about America's ingratitude. The true American, as I said before, fully appreciates all that Great Britain has done, and how splendid her Army and Navy were during those four long years. We do not feel over here that we won the war, only helped the Allies. We came in as soon as our people could be aroused, and did not stay out on account of the money a few were making. Labour and most business men have profiteered, but the most of us are still economising and paying taxes—and large ones compared to our incomes—and are not complaining."

The letter is signed, Frederic H. Curtiss.

Yours truly,

Sesame Club,

K. C. M. DENNE.

Dover Street,

November 4.

REVIEWS

EMILY EDEN.

Miss Eden's Letters. Edited by Violet Dickinson. Macmillan.

THOSE who remember the few letters of Miss Emily Eden that appeared in Sir Herbert Maxwell's 'Life' of Lord Clarendon will, we fear, be disappointed by this volume. Piquant comments on the Whig statesmen who visited her at Eden Lodge in her final years were the staple of Miss Eden's letters to Lord Clarendon. There are hardly any allusions to politics, and only the briefest mention of politicians in the book before us, which consists of an essentially feminine and domestic correspondence. The many who prefer a lively picture of the intimate life of one or two prolific and powerful families a hundred years ago to politics and politicians will find in Miss Dickinson's compilation much to interest and charm their reading hours. Scandal-hunters are, however, warned off.

William Eden, first Lord Auckland, was a diplomatist of some renown at the end of the eighteenth century, and filled the posts of Minister at the Hague and Ambassador at Madrid, of which a lively account may be found in his Diary. The Edens with their huge nursery of fourteen children amused and astonished European Society in days when uxorious fidelity was not regarded as a duty of perfect obligation. Perhaps Lord Auckland's two chief claims to remembrance are that he was the father of the only girl whom William Pitt is known to have asked in marriage, and that in 1795 he wrote a pamphlet which served as a peg for Burke's Fourth Letter on A Regicide Peace. The failure of the marriage negotiation shows how a great man is measured by his contemporaries. Lord Auckland, no doubt, demanded a settlement for his Eleanor. Pitt had no money, large debts, and bad health: but he was at the zenith of a power and popularity as Prime Minister which has perhaps never been attained by any of his successors. Lord Auckland, however, was undazzled, and was also a Whig, probably regarding Pitt as an adventurer, at any rate, "not bred in the Whig kennel." Anyhow, the negotiations were broken off—Pitt, by the way, is reported as having said something about "a chattering mother"—and Eleanor Eden married Lord Hobart, afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire. George, second Lord Auckland, did not marry, and was made First Lord of the Admiralty by Lord Melbourne in 1834; Governor-General of India by the same statesman in 1835; and again First Lord of the Admiralty in 1846 by Lord John Russell. Emily Eden lived with him and kept his house until his death by apoplexy in 1849, when he was succeeded by his parson brother Robert, who became Bishop of Bath and Wells, and whose granddaughter is the editor and compiler of these letters. The most amusing letters are those from Pamela Fitzgerald, the daughter of Lord Edward and the celebrated Pamela, supposed to be a daughter of the Duke of Orleans (Equality Philip). With such a parentage Pamela could hardly help being vivacious and original: yet her marriage was of the most prosaic and conventional kind, entailing the usual squalid struggle, when people with small means have large families. Pamela married Sir Guy Campbell, an elderly, impecunious Irish baronet, and bore him eleven children. In point of duration, her life synchronised with Emily Eden's. Another of Miss Eden's correspondents was Theresa Villiers, a sister of Lord Clarendon, who married, first, Mr. Lister, and secondly, Sir George Cornwall Lewis. This correspondence is particularly interesting to us. In 1859 Mr. William Vernon Harcourt proposed to marry Miss Thérèse Lister, the daughter of Lady Theresa Lewis by her first husband. Uncle Clarendon got on his Whig hind legs, and objected to Mr. Harcourt ("cut him," as Emily says in one of her letters) because he wrote for the SATURDAY REVIEW! "However, Lord Clarendon has been extremely amiable about it, as he

was sure to be, and Thérèse was so regularly and thoroughly in love that I think T. Lewis was quite right to make no objections on the ground of poverty. After twenty-one, young people may surely choose for themselves whether they will be rich or poor." So writes Miss Eden to Lady Charlotte Greville with characteristic common sense. We believe that young Harcourt promised to write no more for the SATURDAY REVIEW; carried off his bride, and resumed his contributions to our columns with redoubled vigour and venom. Unfortunately the enamoured Thérèse did not live to see her romance rewarded with the honours of this world, for she died before Sir William Harcourt became a great man, though he began to make a big income at the parliamentary bar almost immediately after his marriage. Sir William Harcourt is the only instance within our knowledge of a man who retired from the bar in the prime of life with £30,000 in order to devote himself to politics.

Whether from love of her brother George, or fastidiousness, or because the right man did not turn up, Emily Eden did not marry. She had every chance, for what with her army of relations, and the huge Whig clan, she passed a great part of every year in the best country houses, Bowood and Longleat being the favourites. Pamela Fitzgerald was domesticated at Bowood for some time, and gives a comical sketch of its interior, in which she calls Lord Lansdowne "the Wilt." There seems to have been some sort of mild flirtation between Emily and Lord Melbourne, who probably found her serene sarcasms a relief from the clinging affection and boisterous wrongs of Mrs. Norton. And then Emily went to India with her Viceroy brother for five years. Here she was obviously *dépaysée*, counting the days till she returned, and writing quite dull letters. Then three years of bustle and glory at the Admiralty, followed by twenty years at Eden Lodge, Kensington Gore, where, lying on the couch of an invalid, she was visited by many of the Whig statesmen, the last of the breed, and by some literary friends. It was there that the light of Emily Eden's wit and wisdom, fed by the fuel of a wide experience, burned steadily and happily to the end.

We think that Miss Dickinson might have suppressed some of the letters as deficient in interest. But we are grateful to her for presenting us with some of the best specimens of the lost art of correspondence, and for giving us this glimpse into the intimate thoughts and habits of a group of clever, well-bred women, who contributed to the grace of a Society which we shall never see again.

"EREWHON" BUTLER.

Samuel Butler, author of Erewhon (1835-1902): A Memoir. By Henry Festing Jones. 2 vols. Macmillan. 42s. net.

THIS overloaded memoir has a good many amusing things in it, for Butler was original, independent, and careless of reputations, an interesting character, whatever one thinks of his writings. Mr. Festing Jones might almost have been called his *alter ego*, and has produced a narrative which reminds us of the typical Biography by the Garrulous Widow. It is an "omnium gatherum," as he suggests at the end, and it includes his own portrait and ancestry, and details as to the occupation of one of the daughters of Butler's servant in an underclothing department in Bunhill Row.

The two volumes are mainly narrative, and no attempt has been made at an estimate of Butler's character such as might have been provided by an intimate, or an outsider much less familiar with the subject, but able to take a more detached point of view. Mr. Festing Jones is the authority, and here at any rate are abundant materials for forming such an estimate, and curious revelations of the contrasts in Butler's character. Nobody could be more generous, kindly and courteous, when he chose; nobody also, we imagine, more disconcerting and strange in finding or suspecting offence, where none was meant. Butler's little way of supposing that eminent men were probably humbugs, and silently requiring them, so to speak,

to prove that they were not, when he met them, did not make for happiness, or success in social intercourse. That, indeed, he never sought, preferring a select circle, and Italians to the average Englishman. The paradox was that, setting out to reduce the humbugs of the world, he had his own naughty ways of humbugging, and, we should say—we have no claims to special knowledge—rather enjoyed practising them.

Two figures of arresting interest—apart from his family—dominated his life for some years, one for good, the other for bad. Miss Savage, whose witty letters are a feature of the book, attracted Butler, and wished to marry him. His admiration did not go so far as that, but he gained an enthusiastic critic of his writings. She provided him with a character in 'The Way of All Flesh,' and abundant and keen comments on a Woman's Club, the Christian Religion, umbrellas, and other topics. We do not agree that she could have done all that Jane Austen did, but she had certainly remarkable gifts, and Butler kept and annotated all her letters, with regrets after her death that she had been much more to him than he to her. It is not likely that so clever a person as Miss Savage preserved for long any illusions as to marrying Butler, if he did not want to do it. Miss Savage was lame with hip disease, dowdy and not beautiful; and Butler, as his biographer admits in a burst of confidence, was soon bored.

His defensive attitude against the world in general was the result, we imagine, of his unfortunate upbringing. He was able to appreciate and idealise his grandfather; but his immediate family, especially his father, was a deep and lasting trial to him. 'The Way of All Flesh' is shockingly true as a record of domestic feuds. Mr. Jones shows ruthlessly how far the Canon could go in bullying, misunderstanding, and irritating his son. At Cambridge Butler found irritation again in the Simeonites, a religious sect who were very unlovely people. No wonder that he gave up all idea of the Church, and went to New Zealand. There he did well, but met a handsome and agreeable humbug, who became an intimate and lived on him for years, even at a time when they bored each other and never met. Butler, who had with all his special acuteness some of the happy innocence of Mr. Pickwick, was apparently blind to this man's character and pecuniary resources. He continued to support his friend when he could hardly support himself. He had the good sense to take holidays in Italy, when a more cautious man might have been afraid of spending anything. But his life was hampered and full of anxiety. For fifteen years he had little success and cherished a sense of being wronged. "Every man," wrote Disraeli, "has a right to be conceited until he is successful," and Butler's conceit took the form sometimes of ill-considered judgments. His hasty suggestion that Darwin was the Pecksniff of Science was outrageous. He damned people at a venture who, we feel sure, had no intention of damning him. Mr. Jones sees and gives his point of view perfectly; what he does not see, perhaps, is all there is to be said on the other side. Yet it is pleasant to find so frank an exposition of a man's real thoughts. "No palliatives," as Lamb said of Burnet's 'History'; "truth and sincerity staring out upon you perpetually in *alto relievo*. None of your cursed philosophical Humeian indifference, so cold, and unnatural, and unhuman." Authors are fond of pretending that they are indifferent to criticism; they are not.

Butler damned writers too at a venture, Lamb, for instance, who had much of his own fantastic humour and occasional recklessness. Lamb was damned, be-

cause Ainger edited him, and Butler did not like Ainger, a friend of his family. He had, or could have had, a better reason. When Ainger edited Lamb, he did not like Lamb's intermittent sense of reverence, and had the impertinence to remove some expressions which might be regarded as calculated to hurt the feelings of Them Above, to borrow Mrs. Poyser's phrase. But Butler could have got on many a second-hand bookstall Moxon's 'Elia and Eliana,' with no intruding editor, soundly bound and printed for a shilling. He might have been able to buy it when he came in for more money, and indulged in new hair-brushes and a larger washstand basin. And he might have preferred to Lamb his odd friend George Dyer, who also lived for many years in Clifford's Inn, wrote impossible poetry, lived on meditation and gruel, and fell into the New River. Butler both said and stole many good things, especially from the letters of Miss Savage. She was always gay with the pen. When Butler's father gave him a shock by recovering from a supposedly hopeless illness, she wrote:—

"Your father will be sure to take great care of himself; bronchitis patients always do take care of themselves—I have told you so before. It is a most interesting occupation—more satisfying even than a hobby for collecting things—always to be taking thought for oneself and looking at the weathercock and thermometer. If I had plenty of money there is nothing I should like better than to be a bronchitis patient."

She met Mr. Gladstone in 1880 in Portland Place, "looking dreadfully cross and very yellow. He seemed undecided as to where he should cross the street, and he stared at me in a helpless sort of way as if he expected me to offer him some advice on the matter; but, as there was no possibility of putting him in the way of being run over, I refrained from giving an opinion. The crossings about Portland Place are stupidly safe."

We like the tale of Lord Grimthorpe showing the Prince of Wales, in 1899, over St. Albans Cathedral. Asked who was the architect responsible for the restorations, he replied, "I employed, Sir, the only architect with whom I have never quarrelled."

Of Butler's comments we like best his doubts about his visit to Boulogne with his solicitor: "It interfered with the healthy distrust which ought always to exist between a man and his solicitor." There is much fun also in Alfred, Butler's servant, whom it pleased him to set up as a pinnacle of worldly wisdom and good sense. Alfred's hints on dress and objections to culture are great. On the Rigi summit Butler showed him the mountains, and was pathetically eager for appreciation. Alfred suffered this for a while, and then asked if he might "lie down on the grass and have a read of *Tit-Bits*."

With people he liked Butler was evidently the most agreeable and attractive of companions, and would go to any lengths to help his friends. He did not help himself much; his books were a bad speculation in his lifetime, though now they must have become a valuable literary property. We might have had a survey of this success, and of Butler's influence since his death. The "omnium gatherum" has not gathered in this way, but perhaps it is more characteristic of Butler in its zeal for small detail. Never was a more impassioned note-taker than he, which is odd, since most of the tribe are people who have no original views, and hope to shine by recording other people's. Butler evidently believed in his own views, and fought for them *contra mundum*. And his ghost (if there is such a thing) may



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have smiled at his appearance at full length from the house of Macmillan, whom he once threatened with the law, if they did not insert in *Nature* a letter of his as he wrote it.

"SHABBY-GENTEEL."

The Saint's Progress. By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

WE have searched unsuccessfully for an adjective to fit this book. That part of speech, not normally inaccessible, has eluded and perplexed us, and as no butterfly-net has yet been invented to capture fugitives of this kind, we are left unsatisfied. Because, after all this time, it is necessary to pin Mr. Galsworthy down, and label him, so that he may take his place in the collection of the lesser winged creatures. The only adjective that would stay for more than a minute was "shabby-genteel," and that is a poor adjective at best. It does suggest, however, something of the impression that Mr. Galsworthy's work increasingly leaves. There is an aura of faded hopes, and failing environment, dust on the heart and on the chairs, and a slowly lessening outlook through a window left untouched for years. Inside there sits, half immobile with a delicate but always weakening vision, a man who just incredibly missed his chance. Better than those about him he understood and pitied life, but life neither understood nor pitied him. He clings to his delicacy and his vision, but on them also the dust settles.

Shabby-genteel—a poor word to set below this item in our collection, particularly as it is clear that it is no butterfly we are impaling. Mr. Galsworthy's art recalls rather the moth—the night-flier blundering on its furry wings against a light—a moth flying disconsolate out of a night it faintly fears into a light which will inevitably destroy it. Just so noiseless, with such curious twists, and with a little tingling effect on nerves that shrink from creatures of the twilight, does Mr. Galsworthy move.

So we find ourselves for all our search painfully blundering. "Shabby-Genteel" and "moth" are a measure of the elusive quality of Mr. Galsworthy, never more marked than in his latest book 'The Saint's Progress.' The story throughout is imbued with a melancholy absence of vitality. Each of the persons of the tale flutters into some element too strong for it, and is burned out—all in a sense, to misquote Matthew Arnold on Shelley, dull, ineffectual angels. There is first the Rev. Edward Pierson—the Saint, whose progress takes the form of clumsy spirals round a lamp, called, because that is the traditional name, God. There is something of which he is in search, something of which he is vaguely conscious when he finds solace from the world in the piano. The horror of the world-war deadens his spirit, and the labours of years in a hard-worked parish oppress without actually coarsening his fibres. He searches fuzzily for a solution, and his one practical gesture in the book is to drive his loved little daughter Noel to become the mother of a child born out of wedlock, because of his refusal to consent to a too hasty marriage. He escapes, or seeks to escape, from this catastrophe by seeking service as a chaplain. But we leave him at the end as puzzled by the smile of a dying boy as by the tears of a daughter who insisted on living too much. This is not the stuff of saints, nor, indeed, the stuff of which dreams are made. "Shabby-genteel" is wrong, but the book is nearer the streets of Pimlico—those poor fallen squares—than to St. Francis of Assisi.

And Noel—the beautiful, wilful child—who will not wait for an answer—she too burns out. She begins dancing, one would hazard, with her lieutenant against life for a bet, and ends by losing life, bet and lieutenant as the happy wife of her man, twenty years her senior. For a very little moment into the dust-shrouded atmosphere of the book something vital intrudes with the girl who will have love in death's despite. Very beautifully she glides out of youth and vitality into the grey shadow of Mr. Galsworthy's soul.

—With the childhood that she surrenders to her lover

she surrenders also her meaning. From the full flush of youth she drifts out into hospital life, motherhood, and comfortable marriage with an improbable Mr. Fort, but Noel no more. Another moth has fluttered in and out.

Her lieutenant Cyril Morland is vaguer still, but he at least accomplishes the death which all the others merely imitate. He also begins with a dance and ends thus:—

"Despatch-case: pound loose: cigarette-case: wrist-watch: photo. Let's see it" . . . 'Noel,' said the searcher, reading, 'Hm! Take care of it. Stick it in his case. Come on!'

This at least is complete, but even so there is the night-touch, the thing fallen on the ground, and uncomfortable silence!

For the rest there are Jimmy Fort and Leila Lynch, who contrive to have in the middle of this coming and going in the night a love affair, or, as it cannot be plumped out in English, a *liaison*. But the *liaison* reaches out into the shadows at every side. Leila was Edward Pierson's first unattained love, and Fort begins to love Noel from the moment that he sees her. Their love begins like this, "Love me a little! What else is there? Oh, Jimmy, what else is there?" And with the scent of the flowers, crushed by their hands, stirring his senses, Fort thought, "Ah, what else is there, in these forsaken days?" What shadow-drenched passion! If it were not so delicate, if there were not in it all such a sense of irrevocable tears, we should have remembered that scapegrace Tristram Shandy. But as it is, this little light fades too. Jimmy deserts Leila for Noel, and Leila flies back to South Africa, out of which she had come.

And at the end of all we find the Saint on the African sand thinking, "In faith I have lived, in faith I will die! God helping me." Alas, what a faith, and what a God!

One hears a cracked bell in some forlorn church in the midst of a wilderness of houses, one is conscious of drawn faces, stained passionless eyes, and an unheeding, unmeaning moan, "As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be." But what was meant as a cry of triumph becomes less than a moan of despair, a meaningless formula. That at least is how Mr. Galsworthy affects us.

THE MAGAZINES

THE NINETEENTH for November is a quite strong Christmas number of general interest with a marked literary flavour. Mr. George A. B. Dewar writes under 'A Bookshelf' the story of how his interesting collection of books grew. One sympathises both with his likes and dislikes, but surely a love for Emerson is almost atavistic, unless, indeed, his placing among the immortals is defined by the adjective "American." Naturally enough, he does not see much in the minor Elizabethans—Gray and Emerson are their opposites. But the article will afford book-lovers an agreeable hour in the evening. 'The Boys of George Eliot,' by Mrs. Rowland-Brown is another pleasant look into the past, and

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emphasises a cheerful side of that somewhat dour lady; but after all she wrote 'Silas Marner' and gave us Mrs. Poyser. Capt. Ewart writes of what the English Public School system has made of our young men in war and of its failures in preparation for peace. Lord Montague tells us of his experiences as an engine-driver and gives us a new respect for the powers of the exceptional men in charge of the main traffic on our railways: the article is good reading. Miss Linda Gardiner makes a strong appeal for a reconsideration of our attitude towards British wild birds: how many years does it take to drive a new thought into the pre-judgments of an English farmer? In 'Out of their own Mouths' we have some interviews with von Kluck and other German leaders, and Mr. Sparrow writes of the heroic Fifth Army in the dreadful months of March and April last year. The economic, social, religious, and political interests of the number are well up to the average, and there is a minimum of the "hardy mensural."

THE FORTNIGHTLY contains the second part of M. Isvolsky's illuminating dissection of the political career of Count Witte, this month directed rather towards his weaknesses than his strength. There is no doubt Witte did much for Russia in re-establishing her financial credit and dragging her out of the hole at the end of the war with Japan, but he succumbed far too readily to the desire to please the Court and even played for the support of Rasputin. We have already remarked on the queer transliteration of Isvolsky in English—if the translator has a system it is inconsistent with Raspoutine. Mr. Frederic Harrison gives us a chatty, almost garrulous, paper on Fielding and Bath, which must have been pleasant to listen to, especially if an opportunity for questions was allowed, when it was read to the Bath Literary Club. Sir Sidney Low's 'Corrente Calamo' deals this month with nationalisation, the new Teutonic inroad on Russia, and the new diplomacy of Mr. Bullitt. But he missed a point in not noting the difference between "disappeared" and "ceased to exist." The new diplomacy can play with words as well as the old, and we have other authority for the statement that prostitution has been driven off the streets. Bolshevism has brought about such a universal poverty that vice no longer flaunts itself, but it exists. The mind of Mr. Gosse is hit off with masterly understanding, and Sir Sidney has some sound remarks on the variations of literary taste. Is it generally known that not a hundred thousand but two million copies of a book of verse which does not pretend to be poetry have been sold? Mr. Davenport writes of the Norman d'Artagnans, and certainly Dumas missed a point in not presenting his hero as flying to Paris from an unsympathetic wife. Mrs. Rolt-Wheeler discusses the feminine side of William Sharp's work; we agree that at any rate there was a good deal of the old woman in him. Mr. R. Crozier Long has another of his deeply interesting and valuable accounts of the financial position of industry in Bolshevik Russia. We want more facts about what is happening there, and less vague denunciation. There are some quite good articles on the economic side of the labour question, a couple on foreign politics, and a screed by Dr. Longford on the Irish Question.

BLACKWOOD is still full of fine war stories, tintured here and there by a scholarly infusion as in 'By the Waters of Babylon.' Admiral Somerville tells of how the ship that brought Count Bernstorff to Europe was searched, and what, or some of it, was found there, and there is an interesting account of the Murmansk Relief Force.

CORNHILL is also a very good number, with weak places, like Mr. Price's article on Bolshevism which has little or no substance to it. Mr. Sturgis writes sympathetically and well on Lady Ritchie, and Mr. Copplestone on the work of the Marines. There are posthumous stories by Bernard Capes and Warburton Pike, and a good piece of light verse by R. B. The war article is by Major Street on 'Propaganda behind the Lines'; it is first-rate.

THE OXFORD OUTLOOK is a good specimen of the undergraduate review which seems to have the power of attracting outside contributions of unusual merit and interest. The verse is not only meritorious, but promises better to come, and the prose matter shows the subjects which are interesting Oxford to-day.

THE LONDON MERCURY bids high with its first number. It is well designed with one exception—a headline which repeats once on every page the name of the periodical serves no use, unless the editor conceives it likely to be read in torn-off single pages. A galaxy of poets from Mr. Thomas Hardy to Laurence Binyon would lend distinction to any first number; but the editor has called from the staff of most of the "advanced" papers in London the pick of their writers and has leavened, say, Mr. Lynd with the sobering pedestrianism of Mr. Gosse. If we had a criticism to offer, we might fear that almost too much is attempted, too many interests catered for, to allow of that intensive editorial grip on which the success of the scheme, as indicated by Mr. Squire, depends. However, "well begun is half done," and this number is at least a splendid beginning.

MUSIC NOTES

OPENING OF THE BEECHAM OPERA SEASON.—There was a dignity, an air of prosperity and assured success, about the start of the autumn season at Covent Garden on Monday that augurs well for the future of opera in the vernacular. It was good, to begin with, that the enterprise directed by Sir Thomas Beecham should be carried on at this house, which has not until now been fully at his disposal. It is good, moreover, to know that the financial control belongs to people genuinely interested in opera (in the native tongue). And best of all are the signs that the public means to support the whole thing, not as a spasmodic act of duty, but in a steady and interested fashion. These points

gained, we may fairly expect that the artistic standard will go on improving until it reaches the pitch of excellence that Sir Thomas Beecham himself proclaims as essential. Of this improvement the performance of Verdi's 'Othello' on the opening night certainly afforded evidence. Smoothness and efficiency were its distinguishing features. With one exception the principal parts were in familiar hands. Mr. Frank Mullings declaimed the music of the Moor with ample power and volume of tone, and his outbursts of jealousy were marked by greater restraint than before. Miss Jeanne Broda, if a trifle too melodramatic, made an effective Desdemona; Miss Edith Clegg was excellent as ever in the rôle of Emilia; while Mr. Webster Millar did good work as Cassio. The Iago was a new-comer, Mr. George Milner, who proved himself an artist of exceptional gifts. He infused welcome subtlety and variety of expression both into his acting and his delivery of the music. The voice has no particular charm, but it is rich in colour and dramatic significance. Altogether this was the best Iago we have seen for many a day. The orchestra and chorus did capitally.

RECITALS AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL.—It was a good idea on the part of Miss Carrie Tubb and Miss Lena Ashwell to begin their series of joint programmes with one of songs and poems by men who fought (also who fought and died) in the war. Their selection yielded a substantial number of things worth hearing. The quality varied, of course, but we shall not be invidious enough in this instance to point out which were plums and which were not. Enough that the average was good, and that Miss Carrie Tubb, if set a rather trying task here and there, acquitted herself with an earnestness and zeal that overcame all difficulties; while Miss Lena Ashwell showed fine elocution. The second recital, next Thursday, will be devoted to the works of living poets and composers.

Attention may be drawn to an interesting group of recitals given by Mr. Stewart Wilson, a singer who does particularly well in Elizabethan songs, yet has all the breadth of vision and dignity and tenderness of style essential for Bach. He does easy justice to the modern pieces, which he chooses with evident care.

An operatic recital of the kind that Mr. Rosing gave on Saturday with Mme. Zoia Rosowsky and Mr. Manlio di Veroli to represent the orchestra, demands a good deal of make-believe. The duet scenes 'from 'Marion,' 'La Bohème,' and 'Boris Godounov' are interesting; nay, beautiful, in their place; but that place is not the concert platform. The lady was far from being at her best; her voice sounded pitched and strained in the music of Marion and Mimi, which seemed too high for her. Perhaps she was suffering from a cold or is really a mezzo-soprano. On the other hand, Mr. Rosing seemed thoroughly in his element, which is essentially the operatic, and he sang with unusual power, confidence, and dramatic effect. Mr. di Veroli accompanied—he, too, is most at home in opera—admirably.

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MOTOR NOTES

The first post-war motor exhibition to be held in this country opened at Olympia, London, yesterday. From a preliminary inspection we were privileged to make before the doors were opened to the general public, we have no hesitation in introducing it as the most interesting show that has so far been promoted. Before the war the Motor Show was held annually, and the space of twelve months between one show and the next was always sufficient to revive a keen interest in the event. Six years have now passed since the last motor exhibition at Olympia, and so it is natural that one should go there in anticipation of observing big developments in motor-car design and construction. These are certainly to be seen in the cars and accessories now on exhibition, and on the whole one is not disappointed by the progress indicated. It is clear that valuable lessons have been learnt from wartime work by many of the exhibitors. While there are fewer cars and engines of revolutionary design than some people anticipated, the improvement attained in mechanical details is very real. It was obvious, indeed, that those firms who for several years were engaged in turning out cars, engines, and parts for the Allied Governments were bound to take to themselves much useful knowledge. During the war the writer was engaged in certain work which revealed to him how various manufacturing firms were actually regenerated by the struggle, and the much improved articles they are exhibiting at Olympia this week remain as one of the few gratifying legacies of Armageddon. The direct results of war-time experience are principally observable at Olympia in connection with improved engine design and general methods of construction. Aircraft practice has been embodied in the new car engines to a considerable extent, and the electrical and other components exhibited show an advance over their 1914 standard which one may attribute to war-time experience.

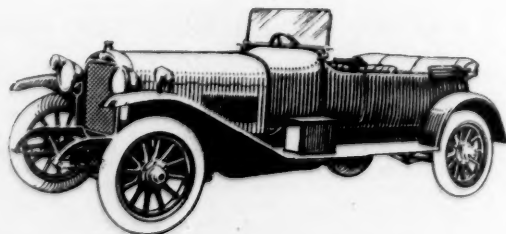
No one going to Olympia to select a good car will

be disappointed. Prices, naturally, are high as compared with pre-war figures, but granted one's willingness to pay what is asked, the Show offers an array almost bewildering in attractiveness. Years ago the writer knew of a man who used to make a very good thing out of piloting uninitiated buyers to the stands where cars suitable to their requirements were on sale. Disregarding the legitimacy or otherwise of this method of helpfulness, one would not be surprised if this adviser (if he is still in business) finds plenty to do at the present Show. The great thing for the average buyer, of course, is to determine beforehand what type of car he requires; a decision he must come to on consideration of the work for which it will principally be required and the price he is prepared to pay. He will then find that he has a range of choice in three principal types, the luxury car, the full-size ordinary touring car, and the light car. These types are each divided into such categories as open and closed models, sporting models, and other definitions, but the buyer should readily be able to decide between these once he has determined what type of car he requires. The three main types enumerated are well defined at the present Show, and in each there is an excellent range of choice. As regards the first, the luxury car pure and simple, £2,500 or so will secure a motor carriage that the most fastidious connoisseur might be proud of. In the full touring car class there are many exhibits showing valuable detail improvements that one may buy for round about £1,000. The third category, the light car, is remarkably interesting by reason of the general developments made in mechanism and bodywork since the last Show. One may buy a light car at Olympia at any price from about £250 to £600 or so.

As has been indicated, the first post-war Show is one of profound interest to every motorist and prospective car owner. Although some big problems for the motor industries loom ahead, this Show is easily the most promising yet held, and augurs well for the new and happy motoring era which every enthusiast now anticipates.

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

STAND 49 OLYMPIA



MODELS AND PRICES:

16 H.P. chassis.	-	-	-	£850
16 H.P. touring car.	-	-	-	£1125
Semi sporting car	-	-	-	£1125
Limousine Landauette	-	-	-	£1275
24 H.P. chassis.	-	-	-	£1125
24 H.P. with long wheel base.	-	-	-	£1150
Touring car	-	-	-	£1400
Semi sporting car	-	-	-	£1400
Limousine Landauette on long wheel base.	-	-	-	£1650

EQUIPMENT.—Set of Dunlop tyres, spare wheel and tyre, dome wings, electric lighting set, self-starter, metal valances, hood and hood envelope (for open car), number plates, clock, Speedometer and full kit of tools.

**THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co., Ltd.,
WOLVERHAMPTON.**

Manchester Showrooms:—106, DEANS GATE.
London and District Agents for Cars: J. Keele, Ltd., 72,
New Bond Street, W.1.

THE CITY

In a country which has, or had, a reputation for being businesslike, the controversy surrounding premium bonds or prize bonds should be reduced to the simple question: Is it worth while? There will never be agreement as to the morality of premium bonds, or even of lottery bonds; but there are two plain business aspects. There is an enormous sum of money or credit in this country which is not serving any good national purpose; it is spent on luxuries at very high prices and used in betting on horse races and football matches, to say nothing of speculation in stocks and shares. This money, which should be performing a better national service, will never be invested in War Loans of the orthodox type. Therefore from a Puritanical standpoint is it not the duty of the Government to check the craze for useless extravagance and speculation and draw some of that money into the Treasury by the only possible means, namely, premium or prize bonds? The next question is whether the sum likely to be raised by such means would justify the enormous labour involved. A premium bond issue would naturally be one of bonds in small denomination divided over a large number of subscribers. There would be no prospect of a few banks being pressed to take £100,000,000, or of insurance and finance companies taking twice that amount. It would be a small man's loan, and the cost of service would be very high; but there is a strong argument in favour of the Government attracting to the Treasury some of the mass of floating credit which is serving little, if any, good purpose, and is often assisting the inflation of credit by maintaining, or creating, high prices for luxuries and hence for the necessities of life.

The great insurance amalgamation—the Royal with the Liverpool and London and Globe—has set the whole market agog to find the next merger. It is accepted that the Commercial Union, which stood as a very good second to the Royal, will be content to rank as a poor second to the Royal and Globe. This may seem to be a crude way of expressing it; but there is no doubt that the bank merger craze was largely a matter of competition for big totals of deposits, and in the insurance world it is likely to be competition for big total of premium income.

In the banking world, amalgamations are no longer the craze. The "big five" stand unchallenged in size, and when they would absorb another institution the deal is gracefully put through as an alliance by means of a mutual exchange of shares. The effect is much the same, and it avoids the trouble connected with an actual amalgamation. Incidentally the fusion of the Bank of Liverpool and Martins with the Halifax Commercial Bank is particularly interesting. The combined deposits will exceed £70,000,000, which is small by comparison with the big banks; but there is evidently excellent scope for expansion by the smaller institutions under shrewd and energetic management. We expect to hear of other bank alliances before many weeks have passed.

A few months ago well-informed buying of Peruvian Corporation securities was reported in this column. Since then the Arica-Tacna dispute between Peru and Chile has reached a critical point, but, in spite of that development, Peruvian Corporation stocks are still being bought. On the one hand, it is reported that a reconstruction of the Corporation's capital is contemplated, which would be a commendable proceeding in view of the enormous arrears of preference dividend; on the other, there is an even more interesting suggestion, emanating from Callao, that the Peruvian Government wish to buy out the Corporation. Perhaps the re-organisation of the capital might be an advantageous preliminary to State purchase. There is plenty of scope for conjecture, but the fact remains that the preference stock is being well absorbed.

The Foreign bond market is still depressed by sales of securities from the Continent. Argentine, Brazilian, Chinese and Japanese bonds are coming over in a steady

stream. They are always accompanied by the required declarations that the bonds have not been in enemy ownership during the war, and are therefore good delivery, but dealers sometimes suspect German origin.

Presumably when peace is finally declared, the bar against German-owned securities in the Stock Exchange will be removed. This is causing some misgivings in markets in which Germans and Austrians are known to be interested. In addition to Foreign Government securities it would affect South African mining shares. The suggestion is made that some sort of embargo should be maintained against German sales; but that would be a rather puerile proceeding; sooner or later the free import of German- and Austrian-held shares must be allowed, and it might be well for international financial houses to devise means to prevent any sudden flooding of the market which would be detrimental to all the interests concerned.

Marconi's Wireless Telegraph directors, having regard to the considerable developments of business in prospect, have decided that they cannot distribute any part of the £590,000 awarded by the arbitrator on the Company's claim against the Government. On the contrary, they will raise £1,500,000 in ordinary shares, thus doubling the company's capital. It might have been well when this announcement was made to have stated at once the price at which the new shares will be offered to the shareholders. The present price of the existing shares being well over 6½, opinion is divided as to whether the issue will be made at £1 or perhaps £3. We are inclined to think that the lower figure will be nearer the mark, and we assume that the offer will be made on equal terms to preference and ordinary shareholders.

A practical, though unavoidably complicated, financial scheme has been propounded for the Cordoba Central Railway. The interest on the 4½ per cent. debentures which have been receiving payments only in scrip during the war is to be raised to 5 per cent., of which, for the next three years, 3 per cent. will be in cash, and the balance in scrip; the existing three year notes and deferred warrants are to be converted into second debentures and the existing 5 per cent. cumulative preference stock into 7 p.c., non-cumulative and receiving no dividend for three years, while waiving all rights to arrears. It is a scheme which will not please all, if any, of the parties concerned; but the awkward position had to be faced. If the railway is favoured with three good sugar seasons, it should emerge successfully from its difficulties. Nearly everything depends upon the Tucuman sugar crop of the next three years, and the scheme is a sort of gamble on that.

Perhaps a word of warning in regard to the activity of the Oil market may be in season. As far as Burmahs, Shells and Mexican Eagles are concerned, they are still good for those who can afford financial *articles de luxe*, and they look like going higher. But activity is being injected into several other shares of very speculative merit. This activity is mainly professional, and it is proverbial that the professionals are easily frightened and usually run in a pack, which means that quick reactions in some of the more doubtful features may occur from time to time, and the outside speculator is likely to be left in the cold. There are plenty of good shares in the Oil list, although their prices are high, and a little discrimination may save the holder from being left with so much waste paper when the boom ends—which may not be just yet.

The Rubber Estate recently purchased by the British Borneo Development Company, Limited, has now been taken over by a separate company under the name of The Kuala Cyah Rubber Company, Limited, and in accordance with the announcement made in their last Annual Report, shareholders of the former company are entitled to claim an allotment at par of 5 shares of 2s. each in the latter company in respect of each £1 share held in the former company on November 1st, 1919—an arrangement which is eminently fair.

A Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, which states, amongst other things:—

BRITISH CAPITAL. BRITISH ACTORS

BRITISH AUTHORS. BRITISH FILMS.

IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY STANDS FIFTH IN IMPORTANCE.
IN GREAT BRITAIN IT IS STILL IN ITS INFANCY.

No part of the proceeds of this issue is to be applied for capital purposes outside of the United Kingdom or to replace money which has been so applied.

The Special permission of the Committee of the Stock Exchange for dealing in these Shares will be applied for after allotment.

The Subscription List will OPEN on Monday, the Third day of November, 1919, and will CLOSE on or before Saturday, the Eighth day of November, 1919.

ALLIANCE FILM CORPORATION, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917).

CAPITAL - - £1,000,000

Divided into 995,000 Preferred Ordinary Shares at £1 each and 100,000 Deferred Ordinary Shares at 1/- each

The Preferred Ordinary Shares are entitled, out of the profits of each year, to a fixed preferential dividend for such year at the rate of Ten per Cent. upon the amount paid up thereon, and to one-half of the remaining distributed profits of the Corporation.

They have priority in respect of Capital, and are further entitled, on a

Issue of 500,000 (Ten per Cent. Participating) Preferred Ordinary Shares

Payable: 2s. on Application, 3s. on Allotment,

and the balance by instalments as follows:—5s. on Monday, December 1st, 1919; and the balance in calls of not less than 5s. each at intervals of not less than two months.

The Directors have subscribed for the whole of the Deferred Ordinary Shares.

DIRECTORS.

SIR WALTER DE FRECE, 11b, Portland Place, W.1. (Managing Director, Variety Theatres Controlling Co., Ltd.), Chairman.
GERALD DU MAURIEK, Cannon Hall, Hampstead Heath, N.W.3., Actor-Manager.
CHARLES FREDERICK HIGHAM, M.P., Fairfield, Kingsbury, Middlesex.
ALFRED CHARLES HUNTER, 15, Orchard Road, St. Margaret's-on-Thames (late London Film Co., Ltd., and Technical Manager, Fox Film Co., Ltd.).
WALTER HUTCHINSON, 55, Pont Street, S.W.1. (Partner, Hutchinson and Co., Publishers).
ALFRED EDWARD MATTHEWS, Prospect Cottage, Bushey Heath, Herts (Managing Director, British Actors Film Co., Ltd.).
ALFRED BALDWIN RAPER, M.P., 12, Park Lane, W.1. (Partner, Charles Petri Bennett, 24-28, Lombard Street, E.C.3., of London and Liverpool).
PRODUCTION DIRECTORS (To be appointed under the provisions of the within mentioned Contracts).
GEORGE IRVING R. WILLIAM NEIL LEON D'USSEAU
(Famous Players—Lasky- (Ince—Famous—Select—
Frohman, Amusement Co., etc.) Players, etc.) Biograph, etc.)

BANKERS.

BARCLAY'S BANK, LIMITED, City Office, 170, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3., and Branches.

BROKERS.

JOHN HARE, CORY & CO., 28, Throgmorton Street, E.C.2., and Stock Exchange.
GOW & PARSONS, Warnford Court, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
H. J. THOMAS & CO., 130, Bute Street, Cardiff, and Stock Exchange.

SOLICITORS.

AMERY PARKES & CO., 18, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.
H. J. S. WOODHOUSE & CO., 49, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

AUDITORS.

FRANKLIN, WILD & CO., Chartered Accountants, Broad Street Avenue, E.C.2.
CHANTREY, CHANTREY & CO., 61 and 62, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2., and at Paris.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem).—R. F. MASTERTON, F.C.I.S., 22, Austin Friars, E.C.2.

ABRIDGEMENT OF PROSPECTUS

This Company has been formed, primarily, to establish on a large scale and carry on, in Great Britain, the business of Motion Picture Production. For that purpose, it will acquire the controlling interest in the British Actors Film Company, Limited, already carrying on that business, successfully, on a small scale, and will extend and develop that Company's business concurrently with its own. It will enter into a contract for the handling in America by the First National Exhibitors Circuit, Incorporated, of New York, the largest Distribution Corporation in America, of its approved productions and will acquire the benefit of contracts for the services, in its productions here, of highly skilled and experienced American producers, selected with the assistance of the American Corporation, the terms of which contracts have already been negotiated.

The Directors consider the association of this powerful American Corporation, on the terms arranged, a most valuable asset of the Company.

The great success that has attended the industry in America is due to scientific methods, the experience of some years, and the enormous capital devoted to the development of the business. Hitherto, in this country, producers, well as they may have done, have worked on too small a scale to do full justice to the industry. These facts have been kept in view by the Directors, and this Company will enjoy the benefit of the latest scientific methods, the services of expert American producers, and capital to carry on its operations upon an economic scale.

That there is a great and growing demand for British films is conclusively proved by the fact that a British production commands a higher price in the British market than an American production of equal merit, while in America there is now a desire for films portraying British national life.

The productions of the British Actors Film Company, Limited, of which this Company will acquire a controlling interest, prove what can be done, even with very limited capital and inadequate studio accommodation, and afford a good augury for the success of a company carrying on this business with sufficient capital and the best equipment. Formed in 1915, on co-operative principles, in order to associate the acting profession with picture production, it has, since 1916, produced and rented a number of successful films, and its work has shown steadily progressive improvement.

The contract with the First National Exhibitors Circuit, Incorporated, of New York, to which reference has already been made, for the handling in America and Canada of the Company's productions will provide, *inter alia*, for the advance by the American Corporation to this Company, of a sum equivalent to 55 per cent. of the cost of each production of this Company, on its approval and acceptance by the American Corporation and for the division equally between this Company and the American Corporation, of all net profits on such production in America and Canada after reimbursement out of such profits of the advance made by the American Corporation in respect of the cost of such production. Moreover, the American Corporation has already helped to secure for this Company's work in England the services of the following well-known experts in Motion Picture Production:—Mr. George Irving, Producer; Mr. R. William Neil, Producer; Mr. Leon D'Ussseau, Producer; and Mr. E. L. Haller, Camera-man.

The Company will acquire excellent Studio sites at Hampton, close to Hampton Court and Bushey Park, and at Harrow Weald Park. Designs, plans and specifications for the erection of studios, workshops, and offices, and for their equipment and furnishing in full working order, have already been submitted to the Company. It is anticipated that the buildings will be completed and in full working order by March next. The accommodation allows for six productions to proceed simultaneously, thus giving a full margin for an annual production of:—

26 Five-Reel Feature Films. 24 Two-Reel Films. 4 Super Productions.

Mr. James Williamson, founder of the business of The Williamson Kinetograph Company, Limited, a leading expert in cinematographic machinery and appliances, who is one of the pioneers of the Film Industry in this country, reports as follows on the buildings and equipment proposed to be erected and installed by the Company:—

"I have examined the plans and specifications of the proposed Studio, Laboratory, and other buildings to be erected. I have also had frequent conferences with the Architect, Technical Manager, and Studio Manager, and all the information I required has been supplied. I am of opinion that the buildings and equipment specified are ample for the production of Motion Pictures to the amount of the following output:—

26 Five-Reel Feature Films, 26 Two-Reel Films, 4 Super Productions. I consider the whole plan to be well conceived and in advance of anything I have seen in America or on the Continent."

The capital to be provided by this issue will, in the opinion of the Directors, be sufficient to cover the above purposes and to furnish adequate working capital as well as to extend the operations of the British Actors Film Company.

After careful consideration of a detailed analysis of the production, distribution and establishment expenses of the Company, the Directors have come to the conclusion that, on the basis of a production of fifty-six subjects per annum, the cost and the prices obtainable for each type of picture will be approximately as follows:—

Estimated Production, Distribution and Establishment Cost.

26 5-Reel Feature Films at	£4,750=	£123,500
26 2 " Films " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,100=	28,600
4 Super Productions " " " " " " " " " " " "	7,425=	28,700
		£151,800

Estimated Annual Receipts from hire in Great Britain.

At £3,800 " " " " " " " " " " " "	£150,800
" 1,200 " " " " " " " " " " " "	31,200
" 8,500 " " " " " " " " " " " "	34,000
	£216,000

The estimated Annual Profits of the Company on this basis are:—

From Sales in Great Britain as above	£34,200
" America and Canada, other Colonial, and in Foreign Markets	80,000

TOTAL ANNUAL PROFIT

	£114,200
--	----------

The Annual Fixed Dividend on the shares now offered for Subscription will absorb

	£50,000
--	---------

Leaving for further distribution and the general purposes of the Company

	£64,200
--	---------

Firm offers have already been received from leading film-renting organisations in this country to contract for the greater part of the Company's output in Great Britain and Ireland, and advance to the Company the bulk of the cost of production. The Directors are giving careful consideration to these offers.

In addition to the above estimated profits, the Company will have, through its holding in the British Actors Film Company, Limited, four-fifths of the dividends declared on the Ordinary shares of that Company. Under Agreements made by that Company with the Phillips Film Company, Limited, and Mr. H. J. Whitcomb, the British Actors Film Company, Limited, is entitled for a period of three years from September, 1918, to 50 per cent. of the net receipts from the sale and exploitation of its pictures and is guaranteed an average profit of £1,250 on each picture, but this guarantee is not to exceed a total sum of £10,000 in any one year.

The minimum subscription upon which the Directors may proceed to allotment is seven shares, but as 450,000 Preferred Ordinary shares have been underwritten at a commission of 5 per cent. with an overriding commission of 24 per cent., allotment will take place immediately upon the closing of the Subscription List.

Mr. A. C. Hunter was interested as a shareholder in Atlanta Films Syndicate, Limited, but has recently sold his holding therein for £650, and Mr. A. E. Matthews is interested in Harrow Weald Park to an extent not exceeding £2,000, which he will receive on the sale thereof.

The qualification of each Director shall be the holding of shares of the Company of the nominal amount of £500.

The Directors shall be paid out of the funds of the Company remuneration for their services at the following rates, viz.:—the Chairman £1,000 per

annum, and each other Director £500 per annum. The Directors may appoint and remunerate one or more of their body as Managing Director or Managing Directors of the Company.

On a show of hands every member present in person at a General Meeting shall have one vote.

Upon a poll, every member present in person or by proxy at a General Meeting shall have one vote for each share held by him.

The preliminary expenses of the Company, up to and including the first allotment of shares, but exclusive of underwriting and brokerage, are estimated at £18,700.

The following Contracts have been entered into:—1. Dated 15th May, 1919, between John Hughes, of the Manor House, Hampton, Middlesex, and Atlanta Films Syndicate, Ltd., of 1, Central Buildings, Westminster. 2. Dated 24th June, 1919, between Atlanta Films Syndicate, Ltd., and Charles Walter Martin Sabine. 3. Dated 13th August, 1919, between Atlanta Films Syndicate, Ltd., and R. William Neil. 4. Dated 13th August, 1919, between Atlanta Films Syndicate, Ltd., and George Irving. 5. Dated 13th August, 1919, between Atlanta Films Syndicate, Ltd., and Ernest L. Haller. 6. Dated 18th August, 1919, between Atlanta Films Syndicate, Ltd., and Leon d'Usseau. 7. Dated 22nd August, 1919, between Atlanta Films Syndicate, Ltd., and Edward Small. 8. Dated 22nd August, 1919, between Atlanta Films Syndicate, Ltd., and Lloyd D. Willis. 9. Dated 27th October, 1919, between the said Alfred Edward Matthews and the Company. 10. Dated 28th August, 1919, between National Cinema Productions, Limited, of Grafton House, Golden Square, in the City of Westminster, and Arthur Lewis Dunning, of Bankside, Eskdale Avenue, Chesham. 11. Dated 22nd September, 1919, between Arthur Lewis Dunning and Atlanta Films Syndicate, Limited. 12. Dated 27th October, 1919, between Atlanta Films Syndicate, Limited, and this Company. 13. Dated 27th October, 1919, between the Company and the Lane Commercial and Industrial Underwriters Trust, Ltd., of 5, Mincing Lane, E.C.

The purchase price or consideration payable by the Company for the freehold estates at Hampton and Harrow Weald, 4,000 Ordinary shares of British Actors Film Company, Ltd., the benefit (to be transferred as mentioned in Contract No. 12) of Contracts Nos. 2-8 (inclusive) a covenant by the promoters to procure the execution of the above-mentioned agreement with First National Exhibitors Circuit, Incorporated, and in respect of certain other matters specified in Contract No. 12, is £100,100, of which £71,250 is payable to Atlanta Films Syndicate, Ltd., the promoters, and part vendors to the Company, £27,500 is payable to Hubert John Whitcomb, of Bank Chambers, Jermyn Street, W., and £1,350 is payable to John Hughes, of the Manor House, Hampton, Middlesex. The said 4,000 shares were with 400 like shares and certain other assets (value £4,954 7s. 1d.) agreed to be sold by National Cinema Productions, Ltd., to Arthur Lewis Dunning for £9,160, and such 4,000 shares were with the same other assets (value £4,954 7s. 1d.) agreed to be sold by the said Arthur Lewis Dunning to the promoters for £9,700. This Company is a sub-purchaser of the said 4,000 shares (neither of the said Agreements for sale thereof having yet been completed.) The promoters have the right under Contract No. 12 at any time within 2 years after the Company becomes entitled to commence business to subscribe at par and require allotment of all or any part of 300,000 Preferred Ordinary shares of the Company. The promoters by such Contract agree to pay the preliminary expenses of the Company (other than underwriting and brokerage) in consideration of the sum of £18,700 to be paid by the Company in addition to the above-mentioned purchase price.

The above-mentioned report of Mr. James Williamson and copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the above contracts can be inspected at the office of the Solicitors of the Company at any time during business hours, while the subscription list is open.

A copy of the Company's Memorandum of Association is printed in the fold of the Prospectus and forms part of it.

Application will be made to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange in due course for a settlement and quotation for the Preferred Ordinary shares.

The Company will pay a brokerage of threepence per share on allotments made upon applications bearing the stamps of Brokers or of licensed Cinema Theatres.

Applications for shares should be made upon the form accompanying the Prospectus and sent to the Company's bankers, Barclays Bank, Limited, at 170, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3., or to one of the branches, together with a remittance for the amount of the deposit. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of shares allotted is less than the number applied for the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the remaining payments.

Failure to pay any future instalments on shares allotted when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Prospectuses upon the terms of which applications will alone be received and Forms of Application can be obtained at the office of the Company or from the Solicitors or Brokers or at the Head Office or any of the Branches of the Company's Bankers or from the Capital and Counties Industrial Corporation, Ltd., 22, Austin Friars, London, E.C.3., and also at the Box Offices of Cinemas throughout the country.

Dated 31st October, 1919.

This Application Form should be sent to the Company's Bankers, BARCLAYS BANK, LIMITED, at their City Office, 170, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3., or at any one of their Branches, together with a cheque for the amount of the deposit, payable to "Barclays Bank, Ltd., or Bearer," and crossed "a/c Alliance Film Corporation, Ltd."

ALLIANCE FILM CORPORATION, LIMITED,

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917.

Issue of 500,000 (Ten per Cent. Participating) Preferred Ordinary Shares of 21 each at par.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

(To be retained by the Bankers.)

No. To the Directors of ALLIANCE FILM CORPORATION, LIMITED, 22, Austin Friars, London, E.C.3.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers, Barclays Bank, Limited, the sum of £....., being a deposit of 2s. per share on application for Preferred Ordinary Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, part of the above issue, I request you to allot me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that you may allot to me upon the terms of the filed Prospectus dated 31st October, 1919, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I agree to pay the balance of 18s. 6d. per share due from me by the instalments specified in the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members of the Company as the Holder of the Shares allotted to me.

I hereby declare that this application is not made by or for the benefit of any enemy subject within the meaning of the Trading with the Enemy Amendment Act, 1916.

DATED THIS..... DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1919.

USUAL SIGNATURE

NAME IN FULL
(Giving title (if any) or stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS IN FULL

S.R.

PROFESSION OR BUSINESS

Please write distinctly.

The Bankers of the Company will not acknowledge receipt of the Deposits paid upon Application for Shares, but Letters of Allotment and Regret will be posted in due course.

THE EDGE OF DOOM.

By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY.

Author of "The Lure of Romance," etc. A brilliant novel of love, adventure and war, the scene of which is laid first in the Congo, and latterly at the front. 7s. net.

ECHO By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

An extraordinarily clever study of the character of a young girl whose mother has run away from her father, and who, pretty and attractive, is thrown back largely on herself in her development. 7s. net.

BENJY By GEORGE STEVENSON

7s. net.

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By CONINGSBY DAWSON, Author of "Khaki Courage," "Out to Win," etc. These selections from the letters of Coningsby Dawson to his family are published in response to hundreds of requests and form a companion volume to "Khaki Courage." 6s. net.

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A Study of George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe By LLOYD SANDERS.

With 16 illustrations. Demy 8vo.

A fascinating biography of one of the most interesting personalities of the Eighteenth Century. 16s. net.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.1.

S. J. PHILLIPS,

**113, New Bond Street,
London, W. 1.**

OLD ENGLISH SILVER

OLD FOREIGN SILVER

of every Country.

FINE OLD MINIATURES

and

SNUFF BOXES.

SECOND-HAND PEARLS

and

JEWELS.

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Telegraph: EUCLASE, WESDO, LONDON.

THE VENTURE COMPANY

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Venture Trust, Ltd., was held on Tuesday last at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., to consider resolutions providing for the reorganisation of the company. Mr. Arthur A. Baumann, Chairman of the company, presided.

The Chairman, in moving the resolution, said: Gentlemen,—I am happy to be able at last to fulfil the promise which I gave to the shareholders of this company when I first joined the Board a few months—or it may have been weeks—before the outbreak of war—namely, that I would at the earliest opportunity place the company upon a sound financial and, I hoped, profitable basis. That has not been possible during the past five years, partly on account of the restrictions in the Treasury regulations popularly known as D.O.R.A., and partly on account of the superior obligation on the part of all good citizens to put what money they had into War Loan. Now that these things are happily past I have been able, with the assistance of my colleagues, to bring before you the scheme, particulars of which have been in your hands for the last week. When the Venture Trust succeeded to the old Venture Corporation a valuation was made of the securities at a figure of some £166,000. We were not responsible, of course, for that valuation, and I do not wish to cast blame upon anybody; I will merely say that the valuation turned out to be a fantastic one. The assets which we took over from the old corporation were worth nearer £30,000 than £166,000. As you may probably remember, an assessment was made, and together with that assessment, the old assets and what we new directors succeeded in making in share dealings, we got a capital value of over £60,000. It is on the basis of that that we propose the new scheme.

We propose to form a new company with a capital of £250,000, in 500,000 shares of 10s. each, and we propose to allot to the present shareholders, whose shares are fully paid up, 121,372 fully paid shares representing a value of £60,686. This will give each shareholder one fully paid 10s. share for every ten old shares fully paid, but in addition to this we want to provide working capital for the future, and we therefore propose to issue a further 121,372 10s. shares, representing a sum of £60,686, with rights to which I shall allude in a moment. That sum of £60,686 has all been underwritten and guaranteed, and for no cash commission, and so favourably do your directors regard the prospects of the new company that they have between them underwritten more than one-third of the new issue, but as we regard it so favourably we think that it is only right that the shareholders should have priority of subscribing and of participating in the option. Therefore, before the guarantors come into play at all every shareholder will have the choice of subscribing for one new share for every share which he gets fully paid for his old holding, together with a call for three years—that is, until 1922—on an equal number of shares at 10s. each. In other words, a man who has 100 shares in the new company will be entitled to subscribe for another 100 with an option on a further 100 until 1922, and I may add that the equivalent price of the new 10s. share, based on the market quotation for your present share, is 12s. 6d. The money will not, of course, all be wanted at once, and it is to be called up by degrees at such times as you are informed of in the circular. The payments in respect of the subscribed shares will be 1s. on application, 1s. on allotment and 3s. two months after allotment, the balance being in calls not exceeding 2s. 6d. each as and when required.

Now, gentlemen, before parting with the old company and in order that you as shareholders in the new company may know a little of what you are getting I think one or two particulars of the assets of the old company, which we are handing over to the new company, may interest you. In the last four months since our financial year closed at the end of June, we have made by dealings in shares and in other ways a gross profit of £7,988, as compared with a gross profit for the whole of the previous twelve months of £9,466. Then we have obtained a participation—through the British Borneo Petroleum Company, of which Mr. MacLachlan, one of our directors, is Chairman—in some Trinidad oil business, believing that oil is one of the most promising industries of the immediate future. We have further obtained by purchase an interest in oil-bearing lands in North-West Canada, and we have just received a cable—or rather our friends have—from their engineer that on these lands oil production at the rate of 2,000 barrels per day has been struck at a depth of 1,000 ft.

Of course, all people of experience know the dangers and uncertainties of oil mining, but I think that that is satisfactory news. That is a business which we have already obtained and which we are handing over to the new company. Lastly, we have applied for and obtained a substantial holding in the National Mining Corporation, a large company which has just been floated, and on the directorate of which you may read the names of, I think, all the best-known and most successful magnates in the world of mining enterprise. So much for what we have already got and are handing over to the new company.

With regard to the new capital which we are going to subscribe and our future prospects, of course, you will not expect me to say very much. I will merely say that in regard to that matter we shall obey the law, not being trade unionists. I find that my old friend D.O.R.A., just as I was beginning to know her, has changed her name to W.E.L.C., which means "War Emergency Laws Continuance Bill," and is assuming a new but less terrible shape than she had before, for her powers of interfering with the operations of business men are considerably curtailed. I was very pleased to read the other day in the speech of the Attorney-General that the Government hoped shortly to be able to remove all restrictions upon the issue of capital. I think that all we business men in the City want is to be left alone, and I hope that will shortly be the case. Until that has been done, however, we shall, of course, as I say, observe the restrictions of W.E.L.C., and, therefore, we shall invest our capital only in British companies and in companies that are domiciled in this country. I do not think I have anything more to say before moving the resolutions which have been read to you and asking Mr. Middleton to second them. I am in the hands of the meeting, and I will do exactly as you wish, putting the resolutions either separately or en bloc.

Before I do that, however, I should just like to say that out of 5,000 shareholders we have received only two grumbling letters, two spoilt proxies, and one letter from a gentleman offering his services as director without fees. I think that as you have had these papers so long it will be more convenient if I put the resolutions en bloc, if no one has any objection. I shall then be pleased to hear any comments which shareholders may wish to make and to answer any questions which they may desire to put to me. I therefore beg to move:—1. That the terms and provisions of the scheme for the re-organisation of the company, including the participation of the directors in the underwriting of the 121,372 shares to be offered for subscription in accordance with the provisions of such scheme, a printed copy of which accompanies the notice convening this meeting, be and the same are hereby approved. 2. That for the purpose of carrying the said scheme into effect the company be wound up voluntarily, and that Edgar Fairweather, F.C.I.S., of Pinners Hall, Austin Friars, London, E.C. 2, be and he is hereby appointed liquidator for the purpose of such winding-up. 3. That the liquidator be and he is hereby authorised to consent to the registration of a new company, to be called the Venture Trust Ltd., or some other suitable name, with a memorandum and articles of association, which have already been prepared with the privity and approval of the directors of this company. 4. That the draft agreement submitted to this meeting, and expressed to be made between this company and its liquidator of the one part, and the intended new company of the other part, be and the same is hereby approved, and that the said liquidator be and he is hereby authorised, pursuant to section 192 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, to enter into an agreement with such new company, when incorporated, in the terms of the (said draft, and to carry the same into effect with such (if any) modifications as he thinks expedient.

Mr. Harcourt S. Middleton seconded the motion.

The Chairman, in replying to questions, stated that the Chislet colliery was doing very well. They had sold at a very handsome profit nearly half their holding, and now held between 10,000 and 12,000 shares in that company. They had an interest of 20,000 shares in the National Mining Corporation, and he understood that the shares had already gone to a premium. Their new company would be a financial trading company.

He then put the motion, and declared it carried unanimously, adding that the directors had received proxies for 360,000 shares, or about one-third of the capital, so they need not be afraid of any dissentients.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors for their services in connection with the re-organisation scheme terminated the proceedings.